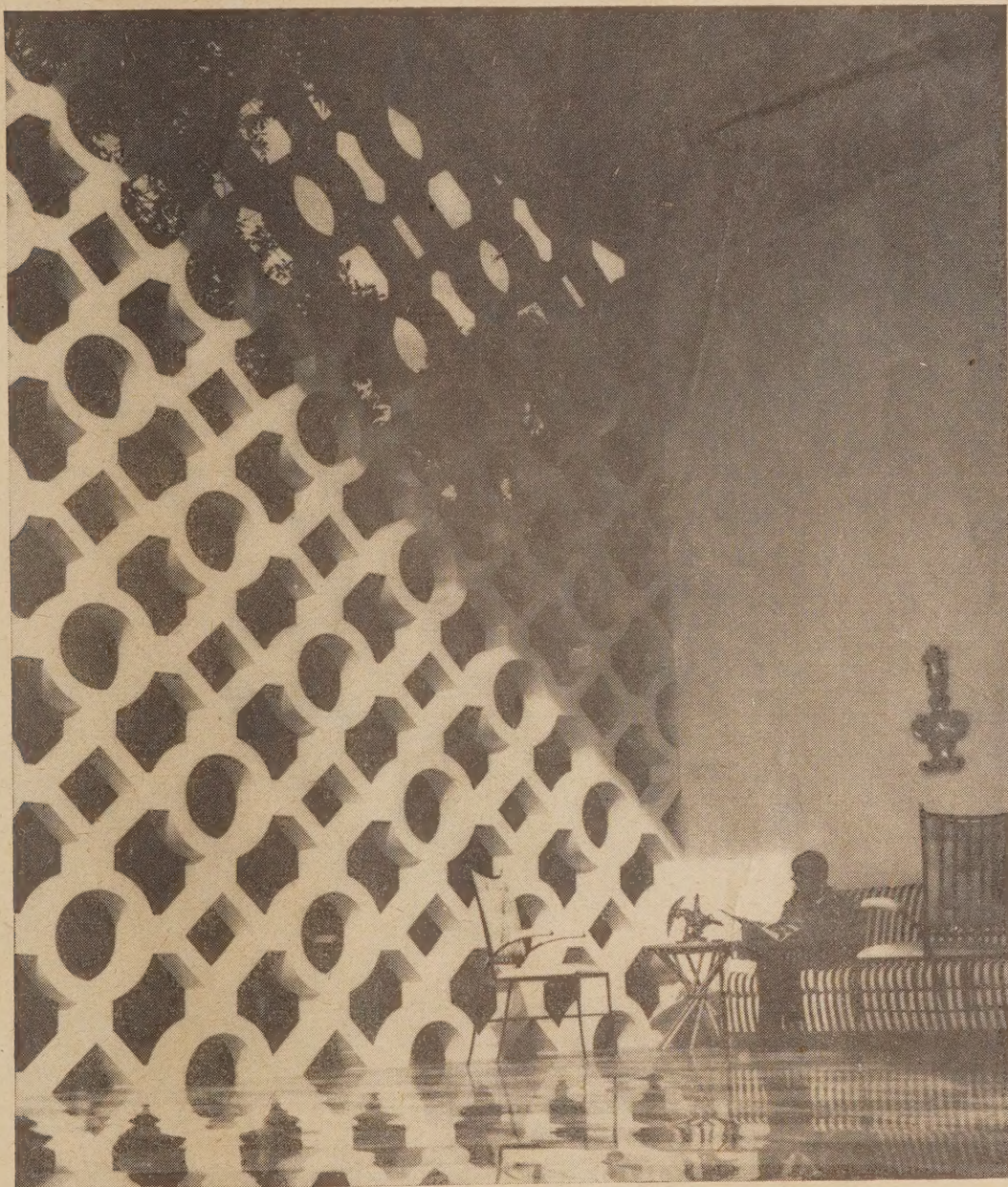


The Listener

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Residence in Gavea; architect, Olavo Redig de Campos: from the exhibition of Contemporary Brazilian Architecture at the Building Centre, London

In this number:

The Right to Differ (George F. Kennan)

High Wood: 1916-1953 (J. L. Hodson)

The Art of Writing History (A. J. P. Taylor)



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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:	
Mr. Eisenhower 'Lowers His Anchor' (Edward P. Morgan) ...	83
The Battle against Mau Mau (Ian McDougall) ...	85
British Guiana: the Arguments for Federation (Colin Wills) ...	86
Significance of Mr. Beria's Dismissal (Joseph Harsch) ...	88
The Right to Differ (George F. Kennan) ...	93
The Case for Lower Imports (Austen Albu, M.P.) ...	98
THE LISTENER:	
Battles Long Ago ...	90
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	90
DID YOU HEAR THAT?	
Shakespeare in the Bois (Kenneth Matthews) ...	91
Pleasures of the Caledonian Canal (Moray McLaren) ...	91
Tortoise Wins the Race (Christopher Serpell) ...	92
The Turnpike Trust (Dr. R. D. Reid) ...	92
TRAVEL:	
An Invitation to Exiles (John Lehmann) ...	95
PHILOSOPHY:	
What is Philosophy?—II (Winston H. F. Barnes) ...	97
NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	100
AUTOBIOGRAPHY:	
A New Briton and the Coronation (Lili Kowalska) ...	102
High Wood: 1916-1953 (J. L. Hodson) ...	103
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
From John Perret, H. E. Wadsworth, N. L. Smith, Henry Reed, Winifred L. Moffat, and David Sylvester ...	104
ART:	
Round the London Galleries (Andrew Forge) ...	106
THE QUEEN'S GENERATION—IV. Unacknowledged Legislators (James Kirkup) ...	
107	
LITERATURE:	
The Art of Writing History (A. J. P. Taylor) ...	108
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	111
New Novels (Anthony Rhodes) ...	113
CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	114
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	114
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	115
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	116
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	116
MUSIC:	
Church Music under Louis XIV (Martin Cooper) ...	117
FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	119
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	119
CROSSWORD NO. 1,211 ...	119

Mr. Eisenhower 'Lowers His Anchor'

By EDWARD P. MORGAN

IN the darkened window of a popular New York restaurant near Broadway there is a sign which reads: 'Gone fishing—back in August'. The import of a similar notice in a locked shop of an antique dealer on East Fifty-Eighth Street is that the proprietor has hied himself to Europe to climb an alp, and is not sure just when he will return. Americans have swung into the summer holiday season with gusto and a large assortment of luggage, but they are not really going to be able to get away from it all; for world events have not taken a vacation, and their impact is going to be registered on every citizen, whether he is wielding a trout rod in the Canadian Rockies, an alpenstock on the face of Mont Blanc, or a ball-point pen in a business office.

In American reaction to the news breaks of the past week* a certain amount of relief was detectable, but it was laced with doubts, if not outright cynicism. An impending truce has been impending in Korea for so long that no matter how welcome the cease-fire will be when it finally comes, it will be corroded with at least a thin film of anti-climax. As for the cataclysm in the Kremlin, the public seems to have adopted pretty much an 'I'm from Missouri' attitude. It wants to be shown that things are going to be different, and in what way, before turning any cartwheels. Washington's official behaviour mirrors this caution, and it would appear that the Government's desire now, more than ever, is to avoid an early meeting of the Big Four, at least until the smoke of Kremlin intrigue lifts sufficiently to enable one to discern what the Soviet leadership actually is.

The analysis of what happened to Comrade Beria and why, the think-pieces of the pundits and the cryptic comments of the diplomats, all these have added up to countless columns of erudite confusion. At one point, for example, the *New York World Tele-*

gram and Sun had a headline stating that Molotov and the Red Army were moving in; while the *New York Journal American* bannered the speculation that Molotov might be the next to go.

This would be amusing, except for the desperate urgency now for clear thinking and careful deduction in trying to arrive at the real significance of the Moscow earthquake. In this connection it was perhaps a most happy coincidence that the Beria story broke just as Lord Salisbury, M. Bidault, and Secretary Dulles were for-gathering in Washington for their conference. This sort of 'stand-in' meeting for the postponed Bermuda parley is not expected to incorporate many tangible accomplishments in its closing *communiqué*; but it is achieving some intangibles of importance, and doing it with less pomp and ceremony, and therefore with possibly even more effectiveness than the top-level Bermuda Conference itself might have done.

In the first place, there is an exchange of views and ideas on a person-to-person basis. This causes every conscientious official to re-examine his views and ideas before defending them—not a bad idea on any echelon of human contact. However trite the term, this can only lead to a clearer understanding among the Big Three, and understanding is a commodity worth stockpiling right now. In the second place, this Foreign Ministers' meeting provides an opportunity for British, French, and American experts to get together on an operational level, something that has not happened for a long time. This is worth emphasising, perhaps, because of the change in character of Big Power talks. When Churchill and Roosevelt and Stalin met during the war, they hashed over a lot of things among themselves, and, whether you agree with them or not, made many decisions among themselves, so absorbed was each personally with the whole sweep of the war and the post-war.

President Eisenhower does not work that way, partly because of his military training, partly because he is the first to stand in awe of the still unfamiliar peaks and valleys of civilian politics. The President relies consistently on staff briefings. Without disrespect, one would assume that M. Laniel would be obliged to follow a similar procedure, if only for the reason that French Prime Ministers seldom seem to be in office long enough to acquire much personal contact with the international scene.

That leaves only the formidable figure of Sir Winston, so versed in the art and knowledge of personal diplomacy that he might conceivably conduct an international conference single-handed. With that possible exception, then, the under-secretaries and the other more or less anonymous experts on the operating levels become more important, because it is their intelligence which their chiefs draw on, and it is they, largely, who must implement the decisions made at the top by these chiefs.

Meeting with the Russians

Some of these experts from Paris and London and Washington have met over the week-end, and swopped opinions and information in an atmosphere of satisfaction. Incidentally, although the dispatches report that Prime Minister Churchill is still eager to confront the Russians soon, the British representatives in Washington seem anything but impatient with the American view that we should wait and see with whom we are going to be dealing, so that we shall know a little more how to deal. This apparently strikes the French as sensible, too, and with Mr. Adlai Stevenson giving similar counsel as he winds up his world tour, a later, rather than an earlier, meeting with the Russians seems the more appealing to almost everybody. However, it is said to be very probable that the Foreign Ministers will come out in principle in favour of a Big Four conference, just leaving the date dangling.

Speaking of dangling, there has been, admittedly, a good deal of criticism of President Eisenhower for keeping major decisions in suspense in the operation of his still new Administration. As one observer put it to me the other day: 'Ike is like a fellow in a small boat: he is carrying a sound, solid anchor of good principles, but he hasn't dropped it anywhere yet, so that people can know what his position is, and take a bearing on his leadership. He continues to sail a course of compromise, but each time he moves off to appease an isolationist, a McCarthy, or a tax-cutting zealot, he drifts farther out to sea, and unless he drops anchor soon he will be too far from shore for the Democrats to throw him a line'.

Today, it looks very much as if Mr. Eisenhower has lowered his anchor and is preparing to stand fast on a number of items, particularly the issue of 'McCarthy-ism'. For the first time since the Republicans came to power in January, Senator McCarthy is on the defensive, and it was largely the President himself who put him there. The way things were going, it is possible, of course, that the staff executive director of McCarthy's investigating sub-committee, a Mr. J. B. Matthews, would have lost his job without the blast that came from the White House. There was plenty of other angry opposition to Matthews' charge, in a magazine article, that communism was nesting in the Protestant Church. But the important thing is that the President did deplore this in no uncertain terms as a slander of the clergy. And now it is reported that Mr. Eisenhower all but invited the protests of three distinguished religious leaders, a Catholic, a Protestant, and a Jew, precisely so that he could reply to it with his own angry but eloquent denunciation of McCarthy-ism.

Already there had been other signs that the Administration was at last really stiffening against the witch-hunting excesses of the Wisconsin senator. Last week's report of the President's Committee on Psychological Warfare, for instance, contained unmistakable criticism of McCarthy's demoralising tactics. Two of the signers of this report happen to be members of the President's own White House staff. Then the State Department's final directive on the book-burning issue overruled the very McCarthy edict which had plunged the Government's Information Service into such a twitch in the first place. Under certain circumstances, the directive said, books by communists and other so-called controversial authors do have a place on the shelves of American libraries abroad. McCarthy is still violently fighting this ruling. And in still another crucial development it seems most unlikely that Alan Dulles, director of the highly hush-hush Central Intelligence Agency, would have protected his staff from subpoenas to appear before congressional committees without first getting full assurance of support from the White House.

It is in this delicate area of top secrets and espionage agents that the next test of strength between McCarthy and the President is expected to occur, and possibly in the next few days. Despite his strong inclination to a compromise, even appeasement, in the interests of harmony in the past, responsible observers are saying that Mr. Eisenhower could hardly let McCarthy loose in the sensitive mechanism of the C.I.A., which is the President's own most trusted arm of Intelligence, and which is run by the brother of his senior cabinet officer, the Secretary of State. Perceptive students of government warn that McCarthy is interested solely in power, and, in his ruthless drive for it, may be capable of almost anything. And the fact that his pose as a gladiator against the dragon of communism still arouses wide public support means that his strength is by no means yet spent. But columnist Joseph Alsop, usually a careful analyst, ends his piece this morning with the words: 'The real Eisenhower, the man of courage and high principle, who does not appease and will not yield to blackmail, at last seems to be taking charge. If this happens, it will be a very sad day for the junior Senator from Wisconsin'.

The President has asserted himself in other fields, too. Though the party cleavage must have pained him, he had his leaders in the House bottle up the tax reduction extremists, and now the extension of the excess-profits tax is on its way through Congress to give the Government a very much needed additional \$800,000,000 in revenue this year. He has stood fast on the Korean truce, arguing that its terms, imperfect as they are, are the best available. Whether the Chinese communists lift an intervening finger or not, it looks very much as if the west's next arena of crisis in Asia is going to be Indo-China. M. Bidault's Sunday outline to Secretary Dulles of more aggressive French military action there does not disguise the fact that more American money will be needed to support it, or the deeper fact that sentiment is rising in France somehow to liquidate this bleeding war. If things reached the extremity where French troops were pulled out, would American G.I.s replace them? Washington is not prepared to answer this question now, but the word is that the President and his advisers maximise rather than minimise the strategic importance of Indo-China.

Ironically enough, it might take the crystallisation of just such a new emergency to get Congress off its allegedly penny-wise, pound-foolish intention of liquidating foreign aid, possibly as early as 1954. Despite repeated administration warnings that we have got to face mutual-assistance outlays for possibly another ten years as a kind of life insurance, Congress talks increasingly now about making our allies stand on their own feet, and the legislators' peak is no more pointedly reflected than in the Senate Appropriation Committee's staff report alleging that France is 'constitutionally incapable' of balancing its budget and in substituting American dollar aid for taxes.

However that issue works out, we Americans continue, ourselves, to indulge a variety of domestic foibles. New York City today stands dazed before the high jinks of 125,000 red-fezzed Nobles of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine, converging on the city for the seventy-ninth convention of their Lodge. And the city of Long Beach, California, not to mention a wide swathe of the populace at large, is riveting its attention on a beauty contest to pick Miss Universe.

Capitalising, no doubt, on vicarious dreams of glory by millions of stenographers, housewives, and other members of the female species, the *New York Daily Mirror* has been running a syndicated feature by a Hollywood 'beautician' telling how any woman can have lovely legs. And in a television quiz show the other night, a girl aged ten and a boy aged nine won \$235 and \$200 dollars in cash respectively in the space of six minutes for properly identifying some popular song titles. What that will do to their concept of the weekly twenty-five cent allowance is shattering for any father to contemplate.

'Do It Yourself'

But there is another more fascinating commentary on United States civilisation; more American householders are making things with their hands than ever before in history; hanging their own wallpaper, laying their own tiles, devising their own gadgets, building their own spare rooms. A psychiatrist says it all springs from a deep emotional need to rediscover the joy and satisfaction of creating things with their own hands. The *New York Herald Tribune* reports that a visiting British economist was astounded by this 'Do it yourself' boom. What, he asked, has happened to the industrial revolution that was supposed to free you for ever from such menial chores? Maybe these rebellious Americans are declaring their independence even from that.

—Home Service

The Battle against Mau Mau

By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. special correspondent in Nairobi

THE emergency which has been in force in Kenya since October of last year is a peculiar thing: it is not like the emergency in Malaya; for in Kenya no one has yet discerned, behind Mau Mau, the direct influence of a foreign power, although plenty of settlers think they can see indirect influences. Even apart from the difference in scale, it is quite unlike the war in Korea, for in Kenya there is nothing like a front line in the accepted sense. There is a trouble area and in that trouble area there is a constant ebb and flow of fighting, which may surge now into a farm kitchen, now into an Asian shop, now into a police post or chief's *boma*, as any coherent group of buildings in Kenya is called.

It is not a civil war in the strict sense of the word, for although Kikuyu are fighting Kikuyu in a limited space, the Kikuyu number only a little over 1,000,000 altogether—less than a fifth of the African population in Kenya; so it is far from the truth that all Africans in Kenya are fighting other Africans, and even further from the truth that all Africans in the colony are fighting the established order of government. It is not, however, simply an inter-tribal fight between Kikuyu and Kikuyu—a fight between those whose ancestors once fought over cattle, women, or food; for the Mau Mau movement is basically anti-European, and the recurring murders of numbers of Kikuyu by others are, by common consent, an attempt at tribal unification, even when and although they bear the appearance of an attempt at tribal decimation. Nor is it an agrarian revolution, or, better, revolt in the medieval sense; although what is sometimes loosely called land hunger has been quoted, less frequently of late, as the root cause of Mau Mau complaints and combat. Land is a factor certainly; but, in the view of many of those most closely in touch with the Kikuyu, it is only one factor. There are others, and not all are as easy to define.

Whenever I have the chance I go and talk to missionaries in the Kikuyu reserves—men and women who have lived there ten, twenty, thirty, sometimes forty years; people who have learnt the language with all its dozens of declensions and conjugations and proverbs. Their houses are often on a ridge, because the Kikuyu country is like that: a series of fertile ridges that slope down from west to east, from the

Aberdare mountains to the main road that runs from Nairobi to Nyeri. The missionaries are of all ages and all denominations.

In places, the missionaries will tell you, twenty per cent. of the tribe are Christian; in other places thirty per cent. This fifth, or this third, they used to know better than the others, but today the contact is



Kikuyu Home Guards receiving instructions from their chief before going on patrol in the Nyeri district of Kenya

slipping. Something has got into their minds, something to do with fear: an Italian said that to me recently, as we watched about 100 children of loyal Kikuyu parents bedding down for the night in the classrooms of his school. It would not have been safe for them to go home. He said frankly that he did not know what Mau Mau is about. Sometimes in the morning he had actually seen on a distant ridge, through his binoculars, a gang coming back from a raid, and on the clear morning air he had heard them singing. Men and women were often being killed within a short distance of his school. 'We are demanding heroism of the loyal people', he said, and I had the impression he thought this was too much to ask. He had no solution to offer: to have a solution you must, of course, have an explanation.

For most Kenyans today, the battle against Mau Mau is, of course, a matter requiring urgent action rather than academic analysis, and the edge of urgency is not blunted by the softness of the surroundings in which the battle is being fought. The trouble areas are not, comparatively speaking, large: Kenya as a whole is a little bigger than France, and Kikuyu-land, at a very rough estimate, is only about one-tenth of the area of the whole colony. Many a French farmer, incidentally, might be glad to exchange his soil, his climate, and his prospect for their equivalents in the Kikuyu country.

The people of the tribe live generally in little groups of four or five huts—round huts with mud and wattle sides and thatched roofs and no windows. These are the family dwellings, and they are dotted about the ridges and valleys in a highly dispersed fashion which aids the Mau Mau when



Kikuyu huts in the Kenya highlands

J. Allan Cash

they attack. Each group of huts is surrounded by the gardens and land planted with maize, wattle, and bananas of the people who live there. From time to time in the reserves you come upon what passes for a village—a cluster of huts rather more densely packed together than the family *bomas*, with hideous stone buildings of recent construction serving the purpose of shops. These shops are owned by Africans, sometimes by Asians; most of them are general stores, it being considered more profitable to sell everything rather than one special commodity, even if every other shop owner is doing the same thing. As a general rule there is not much activity in these so-called villages, because the tribal system is such that people stay in their family enclosures and come into the village only when they wish to buy something or sell farm produce to their neighbours. And on these occasions the whole village swarms with Kikuyu, mostly women, lending it an appearance of activity and prosperity which it does not normally possess. In normal hours, indeed, these villages have a somewhat sinister air, with the general stores all lying idle.

Far more sinister, however, is the atmosphere in the really lovely countryside that encircles these ugly little groupings of stone shops. There could scarcely be a more agreeable place in which to fight a vicious and savage battle. The Kikuyu country is green, undulating, and well watered, and there is plenty of cover for terrorists and security forces alike, especially in the forests of the Aberdare mountains. Communications are fairly good from east to west, but bad from north to south, except for the main road that runs north to south on the extreme eastern edge of the reserves.

When the Kikuyu need something carried they rely on their women. There are almost no wheeled vehicles and it is only rarely that one sees a beast of burden. If you drive through the reserves with the car kicking up clouds of red dust at every yard, you see many women carrying things but very few men. The women tend to dive off the road, heavy burden and all, as soon as they see or hear a car. The result is that the vast Kikuyu reserves always have a semi-deserted look, even when you know they are teeming with an overcrowded people and with desperate men; and this lends them a sinister air however beautiful they may, and do, look to the eye. It is always something of a relief to come across a police post with its round huts white-washed and its barbed wire and stockade, or a Home Guard post of loyal Kikuyu—men who stand there and wave at you, or brandish a spear or chopping knife in the most friendly fashion.

All these loyal people, Home Guards as well as police and troops and missionaries, are very dispersed. As I have said, there is nothing resembling a front line, and yet, in a way, they are all in the front line, their own personal front line, and if they are attacked they must

defend entirely for themselves, for though help may come, it cannot—because of the nature of the country—always come very quickly, and under these conditions the tactical advantages have usually been with the Mau Mau terrorists, although of late they have found themselves more in the role of the attacked than of the attackers.

In the early days of the emergency many Mau Mau attacks were directed against Europeans, and these attacks do still continue although there are nothing like so many of them as of attacks on Africans. A farmer up-country (up-country, by the way, really means almost everywhere in Kenya except Nairobi) is in very much the same position as a Kikuyu Home Guard, and very often he is much more isolated. It is quite a usual thing in the Rift Valley Province, or the northern part of the Central Province, to find farms twenty miles apart. What this chiefly implies is that you have only one chance of repelling an attack, and this in turn means constant vigilance as the price not only of safety but also, on occasions, of life itself. Farmers make their after-dinner seating arrangements so that all the doors and windows of their living room are covered by a firearm—women, and sometimes the older children, all playing their full part in a defensive plan. This sort of thing still goes on night after night in hundreds of farm-houses in Kenya, and there are few less pleasant experiences than living on a farm where an attack is expected. In general, one can say that the amount of strain imposed upon farmers and their families has been out of all proportion to the actual number of deaths inflicted. Whether this was a deliberate policy on the part of Mau Mau is something about which no one is altogether clear.

Lastly, a word about Nairobi. Nairobi is not a big city by European standards, but by East African standards it is huge. It attracts, like every big place, some of the worst and some of the best elements from the surrounding country, and it is now amply demonstrated that it has attracted, among others, many of the planning heads of the Mau Mau movement, and action has been taken against them. But in addition to the people whom it actually attracts Nairobi unsettles many others who never visit it, or visit it only rarely. I am thinking now of the small-holders, not only of the Kikuyu tribe but of the other tribes as well, who welcome their city brethren back for an occasional visit to the reserves and their piece of land, and who hear from these visitors of the remarkable things that are to be seen and heard and done in the city. These stories provide food, sometimes unhealthy food, for thought, and so, although no one could say that Nairobi has a really active influence on the Kikuyu uprising, there is no doubt that its presence so near the Kikuyu reserves has had an unsettling effect over a comparatively long period of time, and has contributed, if only passively, to the present disturbances in the colony.

—General Overseas Service

British Guiana: the Arguments for Federation

By COLIN WILLS

AT their recent conference in London, delegates from the British West Indian islands reached agreement on a plan for federation. But British Guiana, with the other mainland territory, British Honduras, had rejected the idea of federation, and about this time they held their first election in which all citizens had a vote.

The result was an overwhelming victory for the People's Progressive Party, the extreme nationalist organisation. This means that while the islands move towards the creation of a new nation of the Commonwealth, British Guiana will be attempting to work out its own destiny. It is true that the People's Progressive Party—the P.P.P.—has declared in favour of federation, but it will be interesting to see what is done in practice.

I was there during the election campaign. My time in British Guiana was spent partly flying in charter planes to visit isolated places in the midst of a largely unexplored wilderness as big as Great Britain, and partly in studying the political, economic, and social conditions in the cultivated coastal strip where ninety per cent. of the people live. The conditions of most people in this crowded coastal strip were bad. They were clearly resolved to try to change them by political action. There are only about 500,000 people in British Guiana altogether. Nearly half

of them are what the West Indians call 'East Indians'—that is, people whose ancestors came from India. Of the other half of the population many are descendants of African slaves, with an admixture of European and Latin-American blood. The people are made up of many different blends of African, Latin-American, and European, with many belonging entirely to one race or another yet counting themselves Guiana citizens.

The workers are very poor. They see no prospect of any improvement in their condition while things go on as they are. They have been persuaded by the extreme nationalist politicians that improvement can come only by the abolition of the old colonial status and the election of a radical popular government. How such a government can hope to transform the country's economy, the people do not know. They do not even ask. They merely believe that it will immediately raise their standard of living, and their political and social status. Believing this, they have put the nationalists in power.

But it is important to understand the real basis of the country's economy. Lately, British Guiana has become an important supplier of rice to the West Indies. But the basis of the country's economy is sugar. As all the West Indian colonies have learned in the past century, since the abolition of slavery and the rise of free trade ended the golden age of the planters, sugar is not a very firm foundation. It is inclined to



Steel punts, laden with sugar cane, at the factory on a sugar plantation in British Guiana

melt. However, with the United Kingdom market guaranteed at a paying level for some years to come, sugar is what British Guiana depends on. There are other valuable potential assets—the increasing rice trade, the timber of the vast forests, the ranching country of the savannahs far inland, and mineral resources which are only now being fully surveyed. But at present only the bauxite mines at Mackenzie, sixty miles from the coast, and in a lesser degree the gold and diamond mines, make substantial contributions to the country's income.

The sugar-cane fields cover vast areas of the flat lands stretching back from the 500 miles of coast-line. Driving along the coastal roads, I was reminded of Holland; for long distances the shore is lined with dykes to keep out the sea. Much of the plantation land is below sea-level. And, indeed, it was the Dutch who first built those dykes, when they colonised this country three centuries ago. Was it chance, I wondered, that led those Netherlanders to this flat shore far from home—or was it a natural affinity for low-lying land? There are reminders of Holland, too, in the style of the old houses in New Amsterdam, the second town of the colony, and in the straight, still canals, reflecting the brilliant colours of tropical trees, that survive among the modern streets of Georgetown, the capital. Georgetown is picturesque, in a singular way; its old wooden houses, and many of the new ones, are surrounded with Demerara blinds—slatted wooden shutters hinged at the top, and propped open to give a pleasant, dappled shade, and to admit the cool airs of the north-east trades, which make life in the tropical town agreeable. When the wind freshens, the wing-like shutters all stir and strain as though the whole town were about to take flight. Life can be pleasant on those wide verandahs and in the public gardens in the late afternoon, or strolling on the beach beyond the sea wall, or dancing under the stars to the music of steel bands. It is not so pleasant in the crowded shanty towns of the poor—though they, too, like to forget their cares in singing and dancing together.

The main communities, as well as the smaller groups, have produced a number of brilliant men and women who have been successful in the professions, in artistic fields, and in local administration. But their opportunities are very limited. The people long for self-

expression, and for inspiration. Often, of an evening, in the parks and open spaces of Georgetown, I would move from one crowd to another and I would hear, from one platform, the passionate preaching and fervent hymn-singing of a religious revival, and, from another, exhortations to political action, delivered in polished rhetoric, with a natural eloquence.

The standard of living of the workers is low, and many of them are unemployed with no dole. In a warm country, which produces plenty of tropical fruits and vegetables, rice, and fish, a man does not need much to subsist. But how does an unemployed man get the little he does need? I asked some of them, and they told me that in the country, in the villages, their families help them, if they can.

'But when you live in the cities, away from your families', I asked, 'what do you do?'

One man answered: 'We just walk about'.

They walk about, and listen to the political speeches of the P.P.P. The men with jobs listen, too, because an ordinary labourer with a family finds the cost of living too high for his wages. So the P.P.P., which for four years has carried on an intensive and well-organised campaign, telling the people that their troubles are due to British exploitation, and that with the P.P.P. in power things will be better, has a ready audience.

The masses are largely illiterate or, at best, fairly ignorant of affairs. They are unaware of the basic economic problems of the country. They do not appreciate the great effort, and the great expenditure, that the Government has put into such tasks as stamping out malaria, or carrying out a geological survey that may in the long run transform the economy of the country. These things do not fill bellies or clothe backs or bring up children. Neither do political speeches, but they promise to. So the masses, voting for the first time, polled to the extent of seventy per cent. of the electorate, with more women voting than men, and put the P.P.P. in power with a two to one majority in the House of Assembly, and nearly as big a majority in the policy-making Executive Council. The new constitution, giving a high degree of self-government, has, as usual, its 'checks and safeguards', which the extremists condemn as undemocratic. The Governor has reserve powers, but he is most unlikely to use them except in extreme circumstances. Therefore, the course of events in British Guiana seems likely to be ruled for the next few years by the policies of the P.P.P. I shall come back later to what those policies may be.



The main street of Georgetown, British Guiana

But what is the real reason why the standard of living in British Guiana is low? To put it in its simplest terms, the reason is that the standard has always been low and that no means at present exist to raise it. It has always been low because a large part of the population was originally artificially introduced on a basis of slave labour or of other cheap labour. The mere freeing of the slaves did not increase their standard of living. The population has steadily increased, and is rapidly increasing now, and the productivity of the country is not radically changing. Trade expanded considerably during the past year, but imports were, as before, very much greater than exports.

There are two ways in which the country's economy could be placed on a sounder footing. One is that here, as throughout the West Indies, industry should be much more diversified—a remedy more easily prescribed than applied. The other is that great resources of the interior should be developed. But one has to see the country to realise what a tremendous task that is.

Beyond the coastal plains, the forest begins; a forest that covers four-fifths of the entire country, a forest that has remained unchanged for ages: a wilderness, the home of the jaguar and puma, the wild deer, ant-eater, and armadillo, the boa constrictor and sloth, and a multitude of monkeys. It is a region of mystery and beauty. Vivid orchids and lilies blaze in the green gloom, their colours matched by the plumage of birds and the flickering wings of giant butterflies. In its remote recesses live the wild tribes of Amerindians, gentle, shy, delightful people who on days of festival dance in costumes made entirely of the gorgeous plumes of birds. Apart from them, the forest is uninhabited by men. Only a few trails, by which cattle come slowly down to the coast from the savannahs near the Brazilian border, penetrate the green jungle.

There are no roads, except for 300 miles, chiefly on the coast, and only eighty miles of railway. Everyone who works in the far interior must come and go by air, and all supplies must go by air—even gold-dredging machinery weighing thousands of tons. The aeroplanes fly out gold, diamonds, beef, skins, nuts, and balata, the wild rubber of the forests. There are no regular air-line services, only charter flights. On one flight I made, a magistrate travelled to a remote point in the Rupununi District. I attended, with him, the first court ever held in that whole vast district. Otherwise, law and order is represented by a few police who make their patrols by air, by motor-cycle and jeep over

short stretches of road in good weather, and otherwise on horseback or on foot.

Apart from flying, the only other means of communication is by river. The name Guiana means 'Land of the Waters'. The four great rivers, the Essequibo, Demerara, Courantyne, and Berbice, give their magic names to the main regions of the colony. They also carry much of its commerce, in barges and canoes: sugar cane, timber, food crops, and hides. But the rivers are also obstacles to communication. Their broad lower reaches and estuaries cut the coastal area into sections so that transport between them is difficult and costly. The upper reaches, and the tributary streams, are broken by many rapids and cataracts, many of them magnificent and beautiful to see. To see the

greatest of all, Kaieteur, I flew up the gorges in a flying boat. We landed on the Potaro River, just above the fall, and walked along the bank to watch the golden water break in foam and pour over the brink in a column that did not touch the earth again for 700 feet. It is stupendous, one of the greatest waterfalls in the world. Afterwards, the flying boat took off over the edge of the fall—quite the strangest flying experience of my life.

If British Guiana were fully developed, it could be a prosperous and important country. By the opening up of only part of the interior, it is estimated that 1,000,000 new citizens could be absorbed, to triple the population. Some of the smaller islands of the West Indies, overpopulated and in financial straits, would willingly supply migrants for British Guiana. But there is very strong opposition there to any such influx of population because the

workers feel it would make life even harder for them than it is already.

Quite a strong element in the labour movement shares the view of other labour groups in the West Indies that federation would be for the good of all. But most workers do not look so far. What the People's Progressive Party, now in power, will think about federation in the future remains to be seen. At present, I think, they will be concerned with consolidating their local mastery, and with pressing for an ever greater degree of autonomy for British Guiana. But the leaders of the P.P.P., in reality, are shrewd enough to marry their radical politics with practical realism. They must be aware that the hope for a small, undeveloped community like theirs lies not in isolation but in co-operation.—*Home Service*



An Amerindian family in the Rupununi District of British Guiana

The Significance of Mr. Beria's Dismissal

By JOSEPH HARSCH

THIS last week* has assuredly confirmed the analysts who have been saying that we are living in a time of fluid history. It was only at mid-week that the Foreign Ministers of France and Britain flew to Washington to consider among other things what the three principal Western Powers would do, if the Russians and the east German Government should suddenly decide to meet political rebellion in Germany with crushing force. But they arrived in Washington to learn that the Communist Government in east Germany had capitulated before the sit-down strikes of the east German workers.

Another major item on the agenda for the Washington meeting was the heavy problem of how to manage the enormous urge which exists all through western Europe for the convening of a Big-Four conference, yet before the Foreign Ministers could discuss this matter, the news came in that Laventri Beria, Chief of the Russian Secret Police, and a member of the triumvirate which has been ruling Russia since Stalin's death, had been driven from office, expelled from the Communist Party, and remanded to the Russian Supreme Court on charges of high treason.

If a case could be made early in the week for the speedy calling of a Big-Four conference, that case, is for the moment, at least, no longer valid. If Beria is out today, others might be out tomorrow, and we are a long way from knowing what the political liquidation of Beria is likely to mean to the course of Russian policy. At the moment, this reporter envies the Parisians around him, who are quite sensibly concentrating their attention on the annual bicycle race round France. When they come back, physically and mentally, from their holiday, history may have slowed down enough for the rest of us to be able to distinguish some of its new features.

However, much as I would prefer to say nothing for a month, I think I can report several views gathered in responsible places which may be of help in arriving at a tentative assessment of some of these great events flashing past us. We must begin, I think, with a precaution. It is possible that Beria was the originator of the new Russian policies in east Germany and Hungary; therefore it is possible that his—shall we call it demotion?—from high place in the Kremlin will bring as a

* Broadcast from Paris on July 10: the fifth talk in a series entitled 'An American Looks at Europe'

sequel another sudden reversal of Moscow policy. After all, Beria was accused of seeking to restore capitalism, and the new policies in east Germany and Hungary do seem to offer a chance for a revival of capitalism. However, there is a contrary line of reasoning which would for the moment seem to carry greater weight. Beria's demotion was announced in Moscow late Thursday, but Moscow never announces things like this the moment they happen. The decision was certainly taken at least a week earlier, and probably much further back than that. Yet on Wednesday night the Communist Government of east Germany had capitulated to the sit-down strikers, and had announced its willingness to release the prisoners of June 17. Thus the time sequence would seem to indicate that the new Russian policy towards Germany continued in operation after the decision was taken in Moscow to dispose of Mr. Beria.

New Policy

The further conclusion would seem to be in order that the new Russian policy enjoys a better life expectancy than does Mr. Beria himself. There is other evidence from Moscow to support this line of reasoning. The leading western experts on Russia are inclined by now to think that we in the west have been allowing what might be called egotism to colour our interpretation of events in Russia since Stalin's death. We have been assuming that everything Moscow has been doing has been directed at us, that Moscow has been engaged in what we frequently call a 'phoney peace offensive', that Moscow's one great overriding concern is the beguiling and the deceiving of us.

This is a flattering assumption for ourselves; it assumes that we westerners are the most important people in the world—even to Muscovites in Moscow. It also assumes that the men in the Kremlin have their own domestic affairs in such good order, and under such firm control, that they do not need to worry about anything except about us. Perhaps this is not true; perhaps the Muscovites have serious domestic problems of their own for a change, which are in fact distracting their attention from us. I do not know that this is true; I do know that extremely experienced westerners who have been watching Russia and events in Moscow for a long time think that it probably is true. They think that profound changes are taking place in Moscow and that probably the men in the Kremlin have so many troubles at home that they have rather little time right now to spend worrying about us and plotting our downfall. Presumably, they will come back to that plotting later, but right now it would seem sensible and less egotistical for us to seek the explanation of recent Russian moves in domestic Russian problems rather than in plots against us.

If you are willing to take what I have just said as a starting point for a sort of new look at Russia, then a number of things which have been happening there seem to fall almost into a pattern. First of all, there is plainly a revolution against Stalin's ghost. The Russians did not dare to rebel against the greatest tyrant of our times during his lifetime, but they have exhibited a considerable disinclination to deify him after his death. They got him buried as quickly as they decently could; they have put his left-overs out of sight, and they have been telling each other ever since that government by committee is better than government by dictator. They expressed some reluctance to getting themselves another dictator. They have demoted two of their sub-dictators, Ulbricht in east Germany and Rakosy in Hungary, and they have tinkered radically with the whole fabric of Stalin policy, both at home and in the satellite countries.

The change we know most about is the one in east Germany; to understand the extent of that change you have only to imagine what would have happened to the east Berlin strikers had they dared to try a sit-down strike in Stalin's lifetime—such things simply did not happen when Stalin ruled the Russian realm. But they have happened in these unfamiliar later days. The most extraordinary thing about the east German story, it seems to me, is the tenacity of the New Russian policy there. The east German workers have been allowed to defy their Communist Government, not once but repeatedly, and to get away with it. The trade unions with their ties in the west are in political control of east Germany today—not the Communist Government with its ties in Moscow. The only thing the east Germans have not been allowed to defy successfully is the Russian army; that they dare not touch or challenge, but they apparently have Moscow's tacit permission to do what they like with the satellite government set up by Stalin.

Why would Moscow allow this to happen? One answer, and I give it to you as a reporter, not as a pundit, for it comes from men better informed than myself, is that Stalin's east Germany policies were

bankrupt and the new Russian Government is liquidating bankrupt policies left over from Stalin's time, along with Stalin's memory and Beria. Conceivably Stalin could have made an ultimate success of his own east German policy had he lived. Stalin had a way of clinging to old policies which were operating at a loss, probably on the theory that if he hung on long enough they might some day turn a profit. The new Moscow regime clung to the Stalin policy in east Germany until precisely a month ago. As late as June 10, the Communist east German Government was printing its new handbooks outlining the details for the next year of its plans for the total communisation of east Germany. At that time east Germany was rapidly being depopulated by the Stalin policy—the migration to the west had reached an all-time high, it was averaging nearly 50,000 per month in March, April, and May. Had the migration continued at this peak rate through the summer, the crops in east Germany would never have been harvested this autumn; and the city workers were approaching real starvation. The policy was bankrupt and the policy was abandoned.

It would almost seem that there must have been some connection between the bankruptcy and the liquidation of the policy. Certainly the men in Moscow must have had doubts about the prospect of ever getting their east German venture back on to a paying basis under the Stalin policy. Certainly other Russian moves of recent weeks could be explained by this same theory of the liquidation of bankrupt policies.

The Korea war caused a rearmament of the western world and incidentally made China a less easily manageable satellite on Russia's long, thinly populated Far East flank. When Stalin's heirs looked over the Korean war accounts, they must have come to the conclusion that it was not one of their more profitable operations. At least they seem to be trying to close it now in spite of Syngman Rhee, and perhaps also in spite of their Chinese allies.

Events in Hungary fit into the same pattern. We know from the few recent western visitors to Budapest that there has been a farmers' strike there similar to the one in east Germany, and that there, too, the old Stalin policy has been reversed. The same formula fits the Moscow proposals to Turkey and Yugoslavia, to revive normal diplomatic relations. The Stalin policy of threatening those two countries never returned a profit; it drove them both into their alliance with Greece, which gave the west its toughest, tightest, tidest sector along the whole cold war front. It was another Moscow account running consistently in the red. But in Czechoslovakia the new Muscovites still maintained, as far as we know, the tough Stalin policy; their books probably show either a little profit or a prospect of profit on that operation, and in spite of rumours there is no real evidence of either change of policy or serious disturbance in Poland. That would not be surprising; the Poles are dependent upon Moscow for the fine fields and factories which they obtained from Germany after the war. Poland has more to lose than to gain from breaking with Moscow; so Poland presumably appears to Moscow like a Stalin venture which is still relatively sound and relatively profitable.

A 'Non-Profitable Operation'

Seen in the light of this reasoning, the operations of the new managers in Moscow do resemble those of a new board of directors taking over a big corporation with many subsidiaries. In the business world, under such circumstances, the normal thing is to sell out or to abandon the unprofitable ventures and to concentrate upon the paying ventures. We do not know where Beria would fit into this picture; perhaps he was the main liquidator, and the others decided that he was going too far. In that case we have cause for concern. Or he may have been the one who objected to the liquidations to the point where the others were afraid of him. We can only be reasonably sure that he himself had come to be regarded by the others as a non-profitable operation. Certainly he himself is out of power, but we shall have to wait to discover whether his removal means more or less of the new economising process behind the Iron Curtain.

Happily the reporter is only expected to diagnose a situation, not to prescribe the treatment, but I, as a travelling American reporter in Europe, would express the hope that the three western Foreign Ministers in Washington may manage some agreement on the western attitude towards these events in Moscow. I can find in my travels no evidence that the Russians have become converts to reasonableness. I do not find much evidence that they are for the moment more realistic. Western disunity at this time can do no one any good: a little fresh harmony might save us all a deal of future trouble.—*Home Service*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Battles Long Ago

THE other day a light-hearted piece on television aimed at shaking up some popular ideas about 'the good old days'. Good for some, it was dramatically demonstrated, but for the great majority far from good—a proposition that few nowadays would wish to controvert. Not that the *laudator temporis acti* is a wholly unpopular figure. There are too many features of the contemporary scene that grate harshly, even ominously, on the senses for anyone to pass an altogether adverse verdict on the olden times—save in so far as they may have contributed to the less attractive indications of the present. Those who perhaps through fear of the future turn for comfort and inspiration to an earlier age are sometimes accused of 'escapism' (to be in the linguistic mode). All the same, there is an urge that most of us feel at one time or another to go back on our tracks, to revisit the scenes of our childhood, to make an evocative journey into the past.

'We live in time', someone once wrote, 'and the past must always be the most momentous part of it'. Certainly those—a thinning generation now—who lived through the fire and slaughter of the first world war have a past that for the majority of them at least can be called momentous—a past that has left, if not a scar on their memories (as well as perhaps on their bodies), at all events an abiding sense of the tragic proportion of things, a permanent awareness of the shadows that fate can cast across the path. The same without a doubt may be said of the succeeding generation who fought in the last war. Yet one hardly feels that the same aura of immortality was shed over the scenes of Hitler's war as over the countless battle-names of the Kaiser's war, especially on the western front—Ypres, the Somme, Passchendaele, Arras, Cambrai, to say nothing of the smaller places, Loos, Fricourt, Monchy-le-Preux, Bourlon Wood, and the rest.

In his own particular journey into the past—readers will find it in our columns this week—Mr. J. L. Hodson recreates something of this mood when he speaks of the scenes of his campaigning thirty-seven years ago. The memories of many will be stirred, and perhaps their pulses quickened, by the names he mentions—Béthune, La Bassée, Festubert, Le Transloy, Mametz Wood. Let no one imagine that names like these bring back nothing more to those who knew them than blurred memories of rubble, mud, and the stench of death; or, in happier vein, of misty periods of relaxation (and high jinks) behind the line. In that they strike a deeper note than this, as for most they surely do, the reason perhaps is that for *that* generation the world was transformed—as it has scarcely been for those that have followed—and after the mingling of so much romance with so much bitterness, life has never been the same again. Mr. Hodson illuminates the point when he meditates on the gravestones covering the unknown soldiers. 'I think some of us were asking ourselves', he says, 'what we were doing alive when these were dead'. Or again, when he stands in the high and bitter wind as two buglers sounded the Last Post and reflects on that most moving of all bugle calls—'a requiem of pride and bitterness and sorrow and faith, in men who can give so much, endure so much'. Thoughts like these must have come to many who somehow or other managed to survive that war. Perhaps they occur to survivors of all wars. It is at least fitting that they should; for they help to remind us of the place we occupy in the scheme of things—and of the price that others have paid for the life we still enjoy.

What They Are Saying

Comments on Beria's dismissal

WHILE COMMENTATORS were busy discussing the increasing signs of unrest in the Soviet satellite empire, the world learned from Moscow, in the early hours of July 10, that a serious rift had taken place in the Kremlin itself. The official *communiqué* informed an astonished world that Beria, the dreaded head of the Secret Police and number two in the triumvirate ruling the Soviet empire, had been dismissed as a 'criminal' and 'an enemy of the party and of the Soviet people'. He was accused of trying to gain supreme power and of committing acts 'intended to undermine the Soviet state in the interest of foreign capital'. Following the announcement of the *communiqué*, Moscow radio broadcast a leading article from *Pravda* elaborating the charges against Beria. In addition to planning to grab the leadership of the party and the country, he was accused of trying to change the policy of the party to one of capitulation, which would have brought about the restoration of capitalism; of impeding urgent decisions concerning agriculture with the aim of undermining the collective farm system; and of encouraging 'bourgeois national elements' in the Union Republics. *Pravda* concluded:

We must draw the following political lesson from the Beria case: that the strength of our leadership lies in the principle of collective responsibility and solidarity. This principle fully responds to the well-known statements of Marx on the harm of the cult of personality.

This emphasis on the necessity for 'collective responsibility' rather than leadership by one man had been repeated again and again in Soviet broadcasts in recent weeks. For example, on July 4 (when Beria was probably already under arrest), Moscow broadcast a *Pravda* leader on 'collective leadership', which, after claiming that unity was 'the most characteristic feature' of the party, said that the 'paramount principle' of the party was 'the collegiate approach of work', since.

better results are obtained and fewer mistakes made when the leadership is exercised collectively, and manifestations of bad organisation, irresponsibility, boastfulness, and careerism are killed in their germ.

On the day after the announcement of Beria's disgrace *Pravda* was once more quoted on the 'indestructible unity' of the party and the 'unanimous approval' of Beria's dismissal by the Soviet people. On July 11, *Izvestia* was quoted for an article pinning the blame for the situation on western agents:

The successes of the Soviet Union and the People's Democracies . . . call forth frantic rage among imperialist reaction. The imperialists resort to the vilest, the foulest crimes in their attempts to undermine the Soviet Union and the People's Democracies. Espionage, sabotage, plots, and provocations are the weapons used by leaders of the imperialist states.

Broadcasts from the satellite states were at pains to deny all the reports about unrest there—particularly in Poland. A Polish broadcast, quoting *Trybuna Ludu* on Beria's fall, stated:

The exposure . . . of the criminal anti-state subversive activity of the enemy of the people, Beria . . . is a powerful blow to the reactionary imperialist forces. It strengthens the unbreakable unity of the ranks of the party and its union with the nation . . . Beria's criminal activity was linked with the general increase in the subversive work of the reactionary imperialist forces.

Western commentators voiced a number of theories as to why Beria had been dismissed and almost all asked whether Moscow's recent, more conciliatory policy would continue or whether there would now be a reversal to the Stalin policy. It was generally agreed that Beria's fall revealed an intense internal struggle for power, but opinions differed as to whether Soviet leadership would survive it and consolidate itself, or whether—as a result also of the stresses and strains in the satellite states—the Soviet Empire might crumble of itself. From Sweden, the liberal *Stockholm Expressen* was quoted as follows:

This morning's broadcast from Moscow must have been preceded by a bitter struggle behind the scenes. Apparently, a scapegoat was badly needed. The victim was Beria, the most widely hated man, whose position has been the hardest to undermine.

From Italy, *Il Tempo* was quoted for the following observation:

Here at the top of the Soviet pyramid is the crisis of the highest representatives of Russian and world communism, and therefore the mortal crisis of communism itself as a form of state organisation.

The *Times of India* was quoted for the following comment:

If Beria's fate carries any moral it is that he who hovers too near the throne in Moscow does so at his peril.

Did You Hear That?

SHAKESPEARE IN THE BOIS

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, handed over to the people of Paris the piece of royal property which is now world-famous as the Bois de Boulogne. A formal garden has recently been opened there and is dedicated to William Shakespeare, and in the middle of the garden is an open-air theatre. This gesture returns a compliment paid to France by London—for we have made a garden round the statue of Marshal Foch. The first performance in the open-air theatre in the Bois de Boulogne was Shakespeare's 'Troilus and Cressida' and it was given by the Oxford University Dramatic Society.

KENNETH MATTHEWS was in the audience, and described the scene in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Some of the audience, who confessed themselves sentimental', he said, 'would have preferred "A Midsummer Night's Dream", because this new theatre is simply a small, enchanting garden. It is the younger sister of the Open-air Theatre in our own Regent's Park. The box-office is a wooden table, nodded over by huge chestnut trees; the auditorium is surrounded with raised flower beds growing Shakespearean flowers—lilies, pinks, rosemary, and snow-in-summer. The stage might best be described as a rock garden, because there is a small grass plot in front with a towering background of rocks, planted with spires of yew and intersected by winding paths along which the players make their exits and their entrances. There is a cave, too, which turned out to be a most useful piece of stage machinery. There is even a waterfall.

'In this setting the young people from Oxford enacted Shakespeare's version of the Trojan war. The Greeks were dressed in tunics and high boots, but the Trojans in a more barbaric costume, which the producer told me was ancient Minoan and intended to distinguish clearly between the two sides, which is certainly desirable when there are so many warriors on the stage together. As for Cressida, she kissed both Trojan and Greek in a summer dress which would have been quite suitable for a garden party. Ajax boasted, Agamemnon thundered, Ulysses looked young to have acquired such bitter wisdom. Every scene was applauded by a distinguished audience which was half British and half French, with a scattering of Americans and foreign diplomats'.

PLEASURES OF THE CALEDONIAN CANAL

'There are, and always will be, minorities who will not suffer themselves to be put down', said MORAY MCLAREN in a talk in the Home Service, 'who pass the heritage of their peculiarities and predilections from generation to generation. Amongst these, perhaps not the most passionate but certainly amongst the most placidly determined, there are those of us who are canal-lovers. We are as permanent as the waterways we love; and, until the last canal is obliterated from the United Kingdom by the march of progress and the worship of speed we shall continue to exist. Which canal will be that last one? Perhaps some few overlooked miles of stagnant water in a forgotten part of the lush surroundings of East Anglia or some muddy channel in a region of the Midlands

of England where an industry is dying and where men have not bothered to drain the contents or blow up the banks of a waterway that once served them.

'But perhaps not. I think it is more likely to be the Caledonian Canal, that remarkable conduit that thrusts itself so dramatically through the heart of the Highlands of Scotland and, cutting a whole country in two, connects the turbid shallowness of the North Sea with the clean, clear depths of the Atlantic beyond.

'I have said that canal-lovers are placid by nature. That is another way of saying that we are not often heard. But there are occasions when

we can raise our voices.

One of these is this present year and time when, with due dignity and quiet reflection, we are celebrating the 150th birthday of the Caledonian Canal. Perhaps the Caledonian Canal may not be familiar to all south of the Border. Therefore let me briefly say that ages before any human life existed on this planet a tremendous fissure occurred which divided the part of Scotland that we now call the Highlands; and then the waters rushed in, or rose, to fill it. The result is, in this year of 1953, the great valley or glen which stabs like an upthrust sword from the Atlantic in the west at Fort William, up diagonally to the North Sea at Inverness. In the wound made by that geological sword thrust there lie, among lesser waters, Loch Lochy, Loch Oich, and the ever-mysterious



Scene on the Caledonian Canal, with Ben Nevis in the background

J. Allan Cash

and fascinating Loch Ness. These lochs are tenuously joined by the man-made strips of canal, the whole forming a culvert of fresh water which for more than 100 years has contributed not only to the use but to the delight of mankind.

'I do not think the Great Glen has altered in any way that I can see since as a small boy I was taken upon an enchanted voyage across Scotland through the Caledonian Canal. And, most remarkable of all, it and its surroundings have not lost their size: I have suffered no disillusionment about the mountains of the Great Glen which are still as impressive as they were to a small boy, nor about the waters of Loch Ness which, when I am afloat upon them, seem as mysteriously, as frighteningly deep as ever. There is a sense of changeless permanence about the Great Glen. And the waterway that passes through it, even though it was born only 150 years ago, has caught something of that permanence. Such, to me as a canal-lover, are the pleasures of the Caledonian Canal, pleasures of recollections and pleasures of present enjoyment. Pleasure and enjoyment, these are accidental attributes that have grown up with the canal as men have grown used to it. Those who designed it, planned it, made it be born had, however, sterner views about their great project. It was once thought that it would be a useful channel for the entire British Fleet to pass through in time of war, instead of going round the north of Scotland by the Pictland Firth. And this in 1803 if you please, two years before Trafalgar and when wind upon sail was the only motive power! The imagination does not so much boggle, but boggles and re-boggles at the thought of Nelson's *Victory*, not on Loch Ness where she would have been magnificently appropriate, but trying to tack her way in the face of contrary winds through the canal between Loch Ness and Loch Oich.

'Such fantastic dreams of the kind that only politicians can conceive were, however, soon abandoned, or suppressed by the sardonic comments of Thomas Telford who had a short way with such nonsense. He, more practically, saw the canal as the most useful channel for those small vessels which carry the commerce of peace eastwards and westwards and to which the perils of the Pictland Firth are really dangerous. It is a tribute to his foresight that, despite the many vicissitudes through which the fortunes of the Caledonian Canal passed in the last century, there are today something like 1,000 of these small vessels passing eastwards and westwards each year through the canal and between the Atlantic and the North Sea'.

TORTOISE WINS THE RACE

'A week or two ago in the Italian city of Siena, some 50,000 people watched a strange horse-race', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL in 'Radio Newsreel'. 'It is believed to be the oldest and most crooked event of its kind in all Europe. The race is run three times round the perimeter of a sloping and semi-circular piazza in the centre of that ancient city, and, according to tradition, the competitors are entitled to corrupt the jockeys of their rivals, while the jockeys themselves, who wear steel helmets, are entitled to bump and to bore and to slash at other jockeys with their riding crops if they wish either to win or to prevent someone else from winning.'

'The competitors employing these jockeys are the City Wards, known by the names of the heraldic beasts, or emblems, which are represented on their banners. Ten of these Wards, chosen by lot, compete in the race, which is normally run twice a year. For the Sieneese themselves, the race is a serious business. The intrigues and counter-intrigues which precede it and the acrimonious inquests which follow it provide conversation and argument for many months. It is always opened by a magnificent parade of all the City Wards with banners, men-at-arms, and gorgeous liveries of the fifteenth century.'

'This year's July *Palio* was competed between the Wards known as Caterpillar, Cockleshell, Forest, Tower, Snail, Panther, Wave, Goose, Unicorn, and Tortoise. Immediately after the start, the jockeys were seen to be indulging in a brisk exchange of blows with their loaded riding crops while Cockleshell's horse took the lead. On the first time round the course Tower's jockey fell at the dangerous down-hill and right-angled bend which might be called the Becher's Brook of the course. On the second time round the Forest's jockey fell at the same bend—not for nothing are the rails there padded with mattresses—while the Cockleshell's jockey, hitherto in the lead, fell at another equally sharp, but up-hill, corner. Tortoise's jockey, who had been lying second, took the lead and managed to keep his feet in the saddle for the third time round, winning by a neck from the Wave. The Tortoise Wardsmen then invaded the course in a state of wild excitement and claimed the painted banner called the *Palio*. The day ended, as it usually does, in a confused but hearty scene of wine-bibbing and fisticuffs'.

THE TURNPIKE TRUST

Two hundred years ago a small group of men met in the City of Wells in Somerset. It was the first meeting of the Wells Turnpike Trust. In the West of England Home Service, Dr. R. D. REID spoke of the trust and its records. 'After the first world war', he said, 'heavy traffic came to the o'd Market Place at Wells, and a lawyer's office began to give way and had to be repaired. While the work was going on several boxes of papers were found in the building. These

proved to be the records of the Wells Turnpike Trust, which was set up to repair and widen the roads which fan out from the city, to Bristol, to Bath, and to Bridgwater. They are, I believe, the best collection of such papers in England—complete to the smallest detail.'

'The first meeting of the trust was held on June 12, 1753. It was fairly typical of the many which were set up between 1700 and 1760 and which soon covered the whole country like a patchwork quilt. Each was concerned with a small area of about twenty miles square, and special Acts of Parliament had to be obtained for every one. They cost about £2,000,000, although the Wells Act was fairly cheap at £220. Before the turnpikes, the roads were kept in order mostly by what was called Statute Labour. Each landowner had to spend so many days in a year mending the road. In fact, of course, he sent someone in his place or paid a sum of money to the parish to do the job for him. The roads were in a shocking state, narrow, and feet deep in mud in the valleys.'

'It was in order to improve matters and, incidentally, save their pockets, that local landowners set up the trusts. Wells Market Place was the hub of our particular one, and the three roads radiated from it. Posts were driven in to mark the ends of these ten-mile strips of road. Here, no doubt, conferences were held with neighbouring trusts, and so in two cases we find that the posts have sprouted into well-known inns—the Red Post beyond Radstock, and the White Post near Chilcompton. The gates and turnpike houses were placed (like the "home" and "distant" signals of the railways), one close to the town and one about nine miles out, so there were six in all.'

'Obviously, people tried to avoid the tolls by going round behind the houses. It was illegal to go into a field, round the house, and out again. You could, if you wished, go round by side roads, but if this became obvious the trustees responded by putting up what were called side-bars. These side gates were a great bother to the trust because someone had to be provided to look after them. One solution was found at Coxley Pound Inn, where mine host looked after the road bar and his own at the same time.'

'Another problem was the collection by the trust of the money taken by the keepers. They brought it in to the clerk at Wells, each time making a solemn declaration, like an oath, that nothing had been kept back. The gate-keepers had their personal worries, too. One of them addresses this letter, dated 1806, to the trustees:

Sir, I took the oppertunity to send this too you to no whether I must stay up all Wednesday night, Beeing the night Before Bridgwater Fair. I do sopose there Will Be A Deal of mony Taken then if you do think proper of my Staying up that knight It Would Be Best to send A man to Asist Mee I don't think It proper For Mee to Stay there All knight By My Self. Mr. Gofs send to let Mee no that there is Another man To Bee voted For if I dont think of Staying hear I do hear that there Is a man Wanted At Chewton Gate And If there Is I should Rather Go there But If not If It is pleasing to you and Mr. penny And The Rest of The Gentlemen I will Stay at Walton Gate Sir I Should A Bligd To you If you Would spake for Mee As I cannot Bee Therea To spake for My Self. I Am your Hombel Sarvent, ROBERT RUSSELL.

'In these old papers there is a wealth of information about the actual making of the surface of the roads. Bundles of brushwood were used for filling up holes. Many of the words sound strange. "Beating up and Sledging down, Turning, rakeing, caseing, routing".

'The end came just seventy years ago in August 1883. The main problem then was the repayment of capital, and this the trust endeavoured to make by practically ceasing work on the roads and using the income for this purpose. Even so, shareholders lost about half their money'.



An old thatched toll house outside the village of Stanton Drew, in the Chew valley, Somerset

The Right to Differ*

By GEORGE F. KENNAN

CARDINAL Newman once wrote that a university is a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affection of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations. And this observation makes me think tonight that I must be both old and young, because I experience something both of the admiration and already the affection that he spoke of, and as a son now of Notre Dame of thirty minutes' standing, I even acknowledge the bond of fidelity.

No New Danger

The sense of warmth and reassurance that I just mentioned and that I derive from this occasion means all the more to me because I cannot forget that there are forces at large in our society today that do not inspire me with the same sort of feeling—quite the contrary. These forces are too diffuse to be described by their association with the name of any one individual or any '-ism', any particular term. They have no distinct organisational form. They are as yet largely matters of the mind and the emotion in large masses of individuals, but they all march in one way or another, or most of them do, under the banner of an alarmed and exercised anti-Communism, but an anti-Communism of a very special sort, bearing an air of excited discovery and proprietorship as though no one had ever known before that there was a Communist danger, as though no one had ever thought about it and taken its measure; as though it had all begun about the year 1945 and these people were the first to hear and learn about it.

I have no quarrel to pick with the ostensible purposes of the people in whom these forces are manifest; it seems to me that fifteen and twenty years ago I went around myself exercised in the same way and pleading in the same way with other people to understand it. I am still exercised about it. I recognise that many of these people are sincere; I recognise that many of them are good people; I know that many of them have come to these views under real provocation, and out of real bewilderment; and still I have the deepest misgivings about the direction and effects of their efforts. I think that what they are doing is unwise and unfortunate and I am against it. I feel that they distort and exaggerate the dimensions of the problem with which they profess to deal; they confuse internal and external aspects of this communist problem, and when they mean to talk about one they really talk about the other. They insist on portraying, as contemporary realities, something which is important right now, things that had their actuality years ago. They insist on ascribing to the workings of domestic communism a great variety of evils and frustrations in our lives. These evils and frustrations are real, but it seems to me that a portion of them are only part of the pattern of normal and unavoidable troubles of our time, and another and the greater portion of them are actually the product of our behaviour generally as a nation, not of any small minority of us, and should today be the source of humble and contrite soul-searching on the part of all of us in the spirit of brotherhood and community rather than of frantic and bitter recrimination among ourselves.

Having thus incorrectly stated the problem, I think it is no wonder that these people consistently find the wrong answers. They tell us to remove our eyes from the constructive, positive purposes and to pursue with fanaticism the negative and vindictive ones. They sow timidity where there should be boldness, fear where there should be serenity, suspicion where there should be confidence and generosity, and in this way they impel us, in the name of our very salvation from the dangers of communism, to many of the habits of thought and action which our Soviet adversaries, I am sure, would most like to see us adopt, and which they have tried unsuccessfully over a period of some thirty-five years to graft upon us through the activities of their communist fifth column in our midst.

I would not mention these things if I thought that they were just my personal concern and had no relation to the event which we have gathered together here to celebrate this week-end, but I think that there is a serious relevance here and that we ought to recognise it. Let us

pause to think of what is happening here. Thanks to the vision of wise and generous people, this university is now adding one more unit to the number of those facilities in our country in which men can cultivate their own understanding and widen the boundaries of knowledge in the fields of the arts and the letters. Certainly there is no finer undertaking, and there is none more needed. But I feel that this undertaking, too, will have to deal at some point with the forces and the problems that I have just described: that, by entering upon this undertaking, you at Notre Dame will eventually find that these forces will be your concern just as they have already become the concern of many of us who have walked in other branches of life.

I feel this first of all because these forces are narrowly exclusive in their relation to our world position, and they carry this exclusiveness very vigorously into the field of international cultural exchanges. They tend to stifle the interchange of cultural impulses as between nations, but that interchange is vital to the progress of the intellectual and artistic life of our people. People who are the bearers of these forces seem to feel either that cultural values are not important at all or that America has reached some sort of apex of cultural achievement and no longer needs in any serious way the stimulus of cultural contact with other nations in the fields of the arts and the letters. They seem to look with suspicion on the sources of intellectual and artistic activity in this country, and on impulses of this nature coming to us from abroad. The remote pasts of artists and scholars are anxiously scanned before they are permitted to come into our country, and this is often done in proceedings so inflexible in concept and so offensive in execution that their very existence constitutes in itself an impediment to cultural exchange. The personal movements and affairs of great scholars and artists are passed upon and controlled in this way by people who, I am sure, often have no inkling of understanding for the creative work that these same scholars and artists perform. And in this way we begin to draw about ourselves a cultural curtain similar in too many respects to the Iron Curtain with which our adversaries have surrounded themselves. By doing these things, we tend to inflict upon ourselves, it seems to me, a species of cultural isolation and provincialism which is fully out of accord with the traditions of our nation, and which is destined, if unchecked, to bring to our intellectual and artistic life the same sort of sterility from which the cultural world of our communist adversaries already suffers.

Vague Suggestion and Insinuation

A second reason why I think you are going to have to concern yourselves with these forces to which I have pointed, is that within the framework of our society here at home, as in our relations to other countries, the tendency of these forces is exclusive and intolerant, quick to reject, slow to receive, intent on discovering what ought not to be rather than what ought to be. The people I have in mind claim the right to define a certain area of our national life and cultural output as beyond the bounds of righteous approval, but this definition is never affected by law or by constituted authority; it is affected by vague suggestion and insinuation, and the circle tends to grow constantly narrower. One has the impression that, if uncountered, these people would eventually reduce the area of political and cultural responsibility to a point where it included only themselves, the excited discoverers and denouncers, and excluded everything and everybody not embraced in this particular profession.

I recall reading recently, twice in one day, the words of individual statesmen who proclaimed that if certain other people did not get up and join them actively in the denunciation of communists or communism, those same people would thereby be suspect. What sort of arrogance is this? Every one of us has his civic obligations, every one of us has his moral obligations, his obligations to the principles of loyalty and decency, and I am not condoning anyone for forgetting those obligations. But to go beyond this, to say that it is not enough to be a law-abiding citizen, to say that we all have some obligation to get up and make statements of this tenor or that tenor with respect to other

*An address given on May 15 at a Convocation of the Roman Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana, to mark the dedication of the new I. A. O'Shaughnessy Hall of Liberal and Fine Arts, and later broadcast, in a recording, by the B.B.C.

individuals, or else submit to being classified as suspect in the eyes of our fellow citizens—to assert this is to establish a new species of public ritual, to arrogate to one's individual self the prerogatives of the spiritual and the temporal law-givers, to make the definition of social conduct a matter of fear in the face of vague and irregular forces rather than a matter of confidence in the protecting discipline of conscience and the law.

Religious Cult from Emotional Political Currents

I know of no moral or political authority for this sort of thing, and I tremble when I see this attempt to make a religious cult out of emotional political currents of the moment, and particularly when I note that these currents are exclusively negative in nature, designed to appeal only to men's capacity for hatred and fear, and never to their capacity for forgiveness and charity and understanding. I have lived for ten years of my life in the totalitarian countries, I know the smell of this sort of thing, I know where it leads, and I know it to be the most shocking and cynical disservice that you can do to the credulity and the spiritual equilibrium of your fellow creatures. And this sort of thing cannot fail to have its effect sooner or later on the liberal arts. It is associated with two things that stand in the deepest conflict with the development of mind and spirit, with a crass materialism and anti-intellectualism on the one hand, and with a marked tendency toward standardisation and conformity on the other.

In these forces I have spoken about, as they manifest themselves today in our American life, it seems to me that I detect a conscious rejection and ridicule of intellectual effort and distinction for their own sakes. And, in this they play, I am afraid, on certain deep-seated traits of the American character, on a certain shy self-consciousness that tends to make us deny interests other than those of business or sport or war. You note there is a powerful strain in our American cast of mind that has little use for the artist or the writer; professes to see in such pursuits a lack of virility, as though virility could not find expression in the creation of beauty, as though Michelangelo had never wielded his brush, as though Dante had never taken up his pen, as though the plays of Shakespeare were somehow or other lacking in manliness. The bearers of this neo-materialism seem indeed to have a strange sort of self-consciousness on this subject, a strange need to emphasise and demonstrate their feelings about it by exhibitions of taciturnity and callousness and physical aggressiveness, as though there were some anxiety lest, in the absence of these exhibitions, they be found wanting.

What weakness is it in us Americans that so often makes us embarrassed or afraid to indulge the gentle impulse, to seek the finer and the rarer flavour, to admit frankly, and without stammering apologies, to an appreciation for the wonder of the poet's word and the miracle of the artist's brush; for all the beauty, in short, that has been recorded in word or line by the hands of men in past ages? What is it that makes us fear to acknowledge the greatness of other times and of other lands? What is it causes us to huddle together, herdlike, in tastes and enthusiasms that represent only the common denominator of popular acquiescence, rather than to show ourselves receptive to the tremendous flights of creative imagination of which the individual mind has shown itself capable? Is it that we are forgetful of the true sources of our moral strength, afraid of ourselves, afraid to look in to the chaos of our own breasts, afraid of the bright, penetrating light of the great teachers?

This fear of the untypical, this quest for security within the walls of secular uniformity, are traits of our national character that we do well to look at and examine for their origins. They receive a great deal of encouragement these days, automatic, natural, and unintended encouragement, by virtue of the growing standardisation of the cultural and educational influences to which our people are being subjected. The immense impact of commercial advertising and the mass media on our lives is—let us make no mistake about it—an impact that tends to encourage passivity, to encourage acquiescence and uniformity, to place handicaps on individual contemplativeness and creativeness. It may not seem to many of us too dangerous that we should all live and eat and think and hear and read substantially alike; that we forget how easily this uniformity of thought and habit can be exploited, when the will to exploit is there. We forget how easily it can slip over into the domination of our spiritual and political lives by self-appointed custodians who contrive to set themselves at the head of popular emotional currents.

There is a real danger here, believe me. For anyone who values the right to differ from others, in any manner whatsoever, be it in his interests or his associations or his faith, there is no greater mistake

we of this generation can make than to imagine that the tendencies which in other countries have led to the nightmare of totalitarianism will, as and when they appear in this country, politely stop, out of some delicate respect for the American tradition, at precisely the point where they would begin to affect our independence of mind and belief. These forces of intolerance and political demagoguery are greedy forces and unrestrained: there is no limit to their ambitions or to their impudence. They contain, within themselves, no mechanism of self-control; they are like the ills of Pandora's box, and, once you let them loose, they can be stopped only by forces external to themselves.

It is for these reasons that I feel that you, in setting out to establish here in this great academic community a centre for the liberal arts, are taking upon yourselves a great, though profoundly honourable, burden. You are going to have to swim against the tide of many of these things that I have been talking about; you are frequently going to find arrayed against you, whether by intent or otherwise, the materialists, the anti-intellectuals, the Chauvinists of all sizes and descriptions, the protagonists of violence and suspicion and intolerance, the people who take it upon themselves to delimit the operation of the Christian principle of charity, the people from whose memories there has passed the recollection that, in their father's house, there are many mansions. What you do in the walls of this new centre for the liberal arts will often be unsettling and displeasing to such people: they are going to view it with jealousy; you are going to have to bear, in some instances, their malice and their misrepresentation. But, unlike what many of them profess to wish to do to those whom they declare as their enemies, it will be your task not to destroy them, but to help in their redemption and their remaking, to open their eyes, to demonstrate to them the sterility and hopelessness of all negative undertakings, to engender in them an awareness of the real glories and the real horizons of the human spirit.

In this, as I see it, lies both the duty and the opportunity of the devotees of the liberal arts within our contemporary American civilisation. It lies with them to combat the standardisation of our day, to teach people to accept the great richness of the human mind and fantasy, to welcome it and to rejoice in it, happy that we have not been condemned by nature to a joyless monotony of the creative faculty; happy that there are so many marvellous ways in which the longings and dreams and faith of men can find expression. It lies with the devotees of the liberal arts to combat the materialism of our times, to teach us how to ride in a motor vehicle and listen to the canned music of the advertisers without forgetting that there is also a music of the spheres, to force us to remember that all the manifestations of our great material prowess that we see all around us, impressive as they are, are only impermanent auxiliaries to our existence—that the only permanent thing behind them all is still the native, vulnerable human soul, the scene of the age-old battle between good and evil, assailed with weakness and with imperfections, and always in need of help and support, and yet, sometimes, capable of such breath-taking and inspiring impulses of faith and of creative imagination.

Combating the Forces of Intolerance

Finally, it lies with the devotees of the liberal arts to combat the forces of intolerance within our society, to convince people that these forces are incompatible with the flowering of the human spirit, to remember that the ultimate judgments of good and evil are not ours to make, and that the wrath of man against his fellow-man, against his fellow-citizen, against his brother, must always be tempered by the recollection of his own weakness and fallibility, and by the example of forgiveness and redemption, which is the essence of our Christian heritage.

I have tried to give you in these few words a picture of the role of the Liberal Arts Institution as I see it, and of its relation to the bitter problems of our American civilisation at this time. I assign to it, in my own thoughts, as you see, a role and a duty which could hardly be more important. To those of you who are going to participate in the direction of this new Institution, as to those of you who are going to work within its sheltering and inspiring walls, I can only say that you have the deepest good wishes and the bated hopes of all of us who wish to see preserved the great qualities by which this nation has thus far been distinguished—its tolerance, its good nature, its decency, its health of spirit. I hope that your accomplishments will be worthy of your opportunities. May they give fruition to the excellent impulses that have made possible this beginning.

—Third Programme

An Invitation to Exiles

JOHN LEHMANN on Cyprus

I REMEMBER that the sea that morning was unusually still and silky. I was lying on the beach at Famagusta, and even from my sand-couch, a few feet up the beach, I could see how astonishingly translucent the water was: occasional weeds, waving like rooted worms, and a scattering of pebbles were clearly distinguishable on the gently shelving bottom. I do not know why, basking contentedly there, I suddenly began to day-dream about exile. Perhaps it was the large, brown, beachcomber dog, who was sitting in the first inch or two of water, looking wistfully out to sea. He always sat like that, never went further in, and had permanently wet hindquarters. Nobody ever seemed to claim him, though he looked well-fed and never begged for scraps. If he were an exile, ejected from his rightful home, he was doing pretty well.

I remember I began to wonder why monarchs and politicians, fleeing with the traditional sound of revolutionary mobs in their ears, always chose places like Brighton or Lausanne for their exile. Luxury, of course, one would find in such well-ordered places—the luxury one was accustomed to; but what would be more galling, in the long run, than to be continually in the presence of institutions that worked and a people that had remained contented and prosperous, master of its own destiny for generations, for centuries? Why, I suddenly thought as the beachcomber dog trotted away with its tail a-wag and dripping salt water, did they never choose Cyprus?

What better salve for wounded pride of rule than the history of this desirable island, far sunnier than Brighton, far less smug than Lausanne? For the extraordinary thing about Cyprus is that it has never succeeded in finding its own identity. Almost every imperial adventure of the past 3,000 or 4,000 years has swept over it—and in the course of time vanished. The Phoenicians claimed it, the Minoans disputed their claim, the Greeks of the post-Homeric epoch colonised it, the Persians took it over from them, Alexander of Macedon was welcomed with open arms, the Ptolemies of Egypt followed him, the Romans annexed it, Antony gave it to Cleopatra, Byzantium inherited it on the division of the empire, and then Richard Coeur de Lion drove the last Byzantine ruler out in a fit of pique while on his way to the Third



St. Nicholas Cathedral, Famagusta, which is now a mosque. Left: the castle of St. Hilarion

Photographs: A. F. Kersling



Crusade, sold it to the Knights Templar but then took it back and gave it to Guy de Lusignan when he lost the Kingdom of Jerusalem; the Genoese and Venetians squabbled over it, and the Venetians lost it to the Turks; and the Turks after 300 years of suzerainty allowed the British to occupy it in 1878. The British finally annexed it when they quarrelled with the Turks in 1914; and there the matter rests for the moment; except that one should note that popular opinion, as organised and controlled by the Orthodox Church, characteristically demands not independence but union with Greece. This is a situation that lands the Cypriots on the horns of a multitude of dilemmas, in view of the lamentable fact that most Hellenes are fervent Anglophiles and most British fervent phil-Hellenes.

And all this time, during these changes of empire and allegiance, the Cypriots themselves, goatherds, peasants of vine, corn, and olive, small traders and seamen, quietly effaced themselves. They remained moderately prosperous when the government was sound, as it was under the Romans, and suffered silently when it was corrupt and extortionate,

as it was under the Crusaders and the Turks. Their racial type was gradually modified by all the alien strains that came from north, south, east, and west, but it remained basically the same; a small, dark-haired round-headed Mediterranean people, sunburnt and smiling, with the smile—so it seemed to me—of archaic Greek statues. Are they truly Greeks? No people could be less like the assertive, quarrelsome, lion-hearted, inspired individualists that the Greeks were and still are, than the protectively-coloured Cypriots; and yet there is no doubt that Greece was the deepest cultural influence in their history; and Greek—except in the case of the sizeable Turkish and Armenian minorities—is the native language that has survived all the musical chairs of the past. That they still speak it and study it today, and speak English so haltingly, and thus provide a solid cultural foundation for the claims of the nationalist union-with-Greece movement, is due more than anything else to the fact that Gladstone, when we moved in, was a fervent phil-Hellene, and insisted that the schools should teach Greek. Thus British romanticism has caused acute embarrassment to British imperialism—not for the first, and one hopes not for the last, time.

A few miles along the shore from where I was sun-bathing that morning on the Famagusta beach lie the ruins of Salamis. This was one of the most famous Greek cities of the ancient world. An excellent harbour contributed to its prosperity: temples, market places, palaces, baths, public and private buildings of every sort spread away from the harbour. The Apostles Paul and Barnabas, the latter a native of the place, founded a Christian community there and were martyred by the Jews. The Jews in Cyprus seem to have been a most turbulent lot, for in the great Jewish revolt in the second century A.D. they are alleged to have laid the whole city of Salamis waste, and what they left a series of violent earthquakes soon brought tumbling down to the ground. The Emperor Constantine rebuilt it on a smaller scale, but soon after the Arab invasions started, and eventually the remaining inhabitants appear to have retreated inland to safer quarters. The ruins began to sink into the dunes, columns were carted away and pop up now in the most unlikely places all over the island—in the nave of Famagusta's Gothic cathedral, in the courtyard of an old monastery or a derelict Venetian palace, or the public square of a little town on the other side of the mountains. Some of the stones even found their way to Suez, brought there in caiques by *entrepreneurs* with a bright idea for a quick profit when the canal was being built.

When the British arrived in 1878 they found the place a sandy waste, and to prevent the sand causing further havoc they planted the site with trees and the wattle-shrub that is so often mistaken for mimosa. If one comes to it today in spring, it is a weird spectacle: everywhere the wattle is in brilliant yellow bloom, and under the wattle, sticking out of the sand right down to the edge of the sea, broken fragments of drums and sculptured capitals, jagged pieces of ancient pottery and iridescent glassware, all jumbled together, neglected, forlorn except for snakes and lizards. A little excavation has, of course, been done, and one can see the remains, for instance, of a forum, the great Christian basilica, and a market place of vast proportions: but most of Salamis is still under the dunes or under the sea, waiting for the difficult and expensive operation of sand-excavation to begin. It is impossible, when you visit it, not to be overcome with an itch to run back for a sack and a trowel and start digging yourself; equally impossible not to go back with the sack full if you spent a day at it. Nobody seems to mind you grubbing about; the government foresters are more concerned to see that you do not destroy the wattle and the pines, and I doubt if they would turn a hair if they saw you loading a Corinthian capital into the back of your car.

Never have I been in a place that gave me a more eerie sense of the cruelty and monstrous power of time, the faceless obliteration of the

past, the vanity of human achievement. And that is why I think it should appeal to exiles, soothe their injured pride and nourish their sense of irony, as they lie on the beach rubbing anti-sunburn cream into a skin so lately covered with pompous uniforms and glittering decorations. Let them murmur to themselves, as they meditate the moral of Salamis under half-closed eyelids: 'Today I am the exile; tomorrow my successors will be exiles themselves'; in a few hundred years nothing will remain and nothing will matter at all'. And Salamis, though the most impressive, is not the only monument to stir such reflections in Cyprus. The once-famous Temple of Aphrodite at Old Paphos, close to the little cove of the goddess' legendary birth from the foam, is almost as desolate, almost as completely transformed by the accidents of nature and history. A few ruined walls of massive structure, encroached on by a village that has obviously been built in part out of the ruins, a little grey, lichen-spotted Byzantine chapel, and—of all things—a medieval sugar-refinery, are all that remains on that headland looking out towards invisible Egypt, all that marks the site of a shrine where worshippers and suppliants gathered for centuries. Curium, a few miles down the coast, once a prosperous Roman city, has had the

good fortune to be excavated under the direction of a devoted American archaeologist, tragically drowned this spring. Some beautiful mosaic floors and an exquisite little theatre he unearthed are his worthy monument. Of Soli, on the northern coast, only the shape of the theatre remains in the hillside, like the form of a hare, and as a diminutive Turkish peasant boy learnedly explained to me, all the statues and other treasures unearthed by a Swedish expedition were removed to museums, the earth filled in again and returned to cultivation. There are cornfields, wild chrysanthemums, and wild gladioli now where the citizens of Soli walked the streets 2,000 years ago.



Cypriot farmers of the central hills at Galata

But if the remains of the classical world are the most remarkable on the island, scarcely less strange and haunting are the ruined castles of the Lusignan Kings, who ruled there for nearly 300 years while the dream of the Crusades faded and left only the hard problems of power and ascendancy in a part of the world far from their homeland for them to battle with. A favourite tourist expedition from Kyrenia is to the castle of St. Hilarion, where on a peak rising almost sheer out of the plain the Lusignan Court retired for the summer. They must have been as confined as prisoners in a narrow cell, or as agile as mountain goats, for every movement is perpendicularly up or down, and the visitor today, after negotiating a series of nerve-racking, unprotected hair-pin bends in his car, has to climb through the castle precincts to the dining chamber and the Queen's bathroom up a slope that leaves him breathless—even for conventional exclamations of wonder at the panorama of the misty blue mountain-range and the plains that stretch to the sea in the north. When he has recovered his breath, he may venture further upwards into the sky, to the guard-room from which John of Antioch, in a fit of insanity, hurled his faithful Bulgarian guards, one by one, to death on the rocks far below.

More awe-inspiring, however, more evocative, is the castle of Kantara, on another peak of the range further east. St. Hilarion is already half-Swissified, with an official guide and signposts directing the tourist to the various *Aussichtspunkten*; but Kantara is totally abandoned and desolate, abandoned to the giant fennel plants, the wild thyme, the lizards, and the eagles; far, far below you stretches the long, northern coastline with its innumerable little blue bays and inlets, and beyond the sea, confounded in the mist with their cloud-crowns, you can catch a faint glimpse of the snow-splashed mountains of Anatolia. You clutch the edge of ruined walls as you peer perpendicularly down to the patchwork of cornfields and pastures—green, golden, and burnt sienna, dotted with olive and carob trees; and because everything is left to the imagination, the effect on the imagination is infinitely more

powerful, a kingdom, a dream of the utmost daring and endeavour dissolved into the centuries with only those few pinnacled stones as its memorial. Truly a place for an exiled king to recover his sense of proportion, his self-respect.

There are, of course, exiles already in Cyprus. There are the dedicated exiles of the monasteries that, like the ruined castles, cling to some of the highest peaks, such as Kykko and Stavrovouni. I never managed to reach Kykko, which is reputedly well-ordered, prosperous, almost worldly; but at the top of Stavrovouni's lonely mountain we found only half-a-dozen monks, lean-cheeked with matted locks, so poor, so hungry that they seized on the sandwiches and wine we offered them with pathetic eagerness. The shy young novice who laid the table for us, was not, it seemed from our cautious questionings, finding the austere existence of a religious exile, up there among the winds, an easy blessing to accept for a lifetime; but the Church is a great power in the island, and I wondered whether he would ever again see the plains, the olive groves, and the busy little harbours.

There are other exiles less worthy of reverence, though no less touching, more diverting perhaps to the sense of humour in their strange contrast with their surroundings, and dedicated only to the preservation of something continually slipping away from them in an unkind phase of history. These are the English exiles, congregated mostly in Kyrenia and the villas that surround it, the all-the-year-round residents of sea-side hotels where the evening ritual is bridge or canasta and the nightly nostalgic dream is of Poona or Mandalay. Pale-faced and pearl-roped, the women spend the morning in deck-chairs reading the air edition of *The Daily Telegraph* or *The Times*, while their men-folk gather in one of the little yachting clubs that bring a cool whiff of Deal or Yarmouth to the baking Mediterranean fishing village around them; reassuringly the Union Jack flies over the honey-coloured Venetian fortress, but the blue-striped flag of modern Greece flies over the little white-washed church; as the British set forth on their daily sight-seeing trip in British-made limousines, the flocks of sheep and goats scatter to the poppies and convolvulus at the side of the road, and a mahogany-browed shepherd who might have been there since biblical times stares patiently at their passage as he stared at Roman chariots and Crusaders' cavalcades.

Cyprus is full of such contrasts, within the all-enveloping contrast

of busy British administrative orderliness and the immemorial *dolce far niente* of a sun-drenched island off the coast of Asia Minor. One of the most extraordinary, to me, was the Old Town of Famagusta. I visited it first by moonlight, just after night had fallen. Inside the huge, dark circuit of the fortifications, the Turks who inhabit it were keeping within doors, and all one could glimpse of their existence was an occasional chink of light in a curtained window, all one could hear the muffled sound of oriental singing or the radio reporting the news. But above the low, obliterated mass of the houses rose the solemn, inappropriate silhouette of a Gothic cathedral, and beside it, among the feathery tops of strangely elongated date-palms, other silhouettes, the shells of other once-famous Latin churches, with the faintly luminous sky showing through their vacant windows and ruined arches. And beyond them, the line of the ramparts was broken by incongruous shapes, which I eventually distinguished to be masts and funnels of liners in the harbour outside. In the morning I returned, and found a stranger contrast within these contrasts: the Gothic cathedral had been turned by the Turks into a mosque, oriental carpets covered the stones where crusader notabilities and Latin bishops had once been buried, and the direction of worship, being now the direction of Mecca, had been re-adjusted to point south-east in the middle of the eastward pointing nave. One had an uncomfortable feeling, as if one's eyes were not focusing properly.

There are many categories of exiles to whom Cyprus might give healing shelter. Not only dispossessed rulers and imprudent or ill-starred statesmen; not only the unemployed ex-administrators of an empire transforming itself into an equal commonwealth of nations; but also that category to which so many of us belong by birth, heirs of an artificial civilisation our deepest instincts reject, players who can no longer see the conductor or understand the tempo of the music: exiles of truth, of the truth of living. Cyprus is not the lake isle of Innisfree; but it is an island of exceptional beauty that has retained, in spite of all, an unspoilt simplicity of life, and if we can shrug off our anxious northern preoccupations under that impenitent Mediterranean sun—if only for a while—if we can relax while the peasants go about their unchanging seasonal business, we may begin once more to feel our exiled roots finding nourishment; we may even stay the growth of our duodenal ulcers.—*Third Programme*

What is Philosophy?

The second of three talks by WINSTON H. F. BARNES

IN my first talk* I spoke of how philosophy began with the questions Socrates asked about the virtues and how Plato extended it by asking questions about knowledge and reality. These three groups of questions, about virtue, about knowledge, and about reality, form the three main branches of philosophy; ethics, theory of knowledge, and metaphysics. But to speak of branches of philosophy is to court misunderstanding. Even in science, when we speak of different branches, there are overlaps so great that no one supposes the branches are mutually exclusive. In philosophy the dividing lines are still more fluid. 'How do we know moral principles?' is a question as much in the theory of knowledge as in ethics. 'Is goodness a real element in the universe?' is as much a question in metaphysics as in ethics. It is also misleading in philosophy to speak of the theory of knowledge or the theory of ethics. There are questions debated, arguments canvassed, and theories proposed, but there is no accepted theory. As there is no accepted theory, so there is no accepted line of advance. Definitive solutions to questions are always being offered but are, with equal frequency, always being rejected. There is no point in disguising this rather disquieting fact. Philosophy consists in philosophising, not in what philosophers have said. For this reason there are no text-books in philosophy, though plenty of books that pretend to be text-books.

There is another curious but important feature of philosophy which I can best describe as its capacity for taking the question a stage further back. Consider the much-debated question: How do we know moral principles? Some philosophers have held that we have intuitive knowledge of them (as of mathematical truths). Others have held that we deduce them from some more fundamental principle. Others, again, have held that they are revealed to us by God. Then some philosopher

comes forward and asks: 'But do we know them? Had we not better settle this question first, before asking *how* we know them?' This sets philosophers thinking of whether the question they have been asking is a sensible one or not, rather than about the way of answering it.

Another feature of philosophy is the uncharted freedom of its speculations. The philosopher is at liberty to propound any answer, to ask any question, which he is prepared to defend. Compared with the ordered ranks of science or theology, the philosopher is a kind of lone ranger, not responsible to any rules of method or procedure. One of the complaints against philosophy is that philosophers can never agree on what they are supposed to be doing or what method they are supposed to be using. The statement is true but the objection is misplaced. By virtue of this freedom the philosopher has been enabled to play a critical role in society, without directly taking sides in contemporary disputes. There is almost no limit to the questions and answers which have in fact been canvassed at different times by philosophers. On different occasions philosophers have asserted that we cannot know anything, that matter does not exist, that science gives us no knowledge of things but is merely a utilitarian device. It has been remarked with some justice that, if you ask with what sort of questions the philosopher is concerned, the most appropriate answer is 'With those questions which only a philosopher would think of asking'.

By his freedom of inquiry the philosopher acts, though indirectly, as a ferment in society. He sustains speculations which would otherwise be dead, asks questions that would otherwise never be asked, and keeps alive our sense of what is extraordinary in the familiar. When the philosopher says 'It isn't the eyes that see, it's the mind', he is reminding us of what we are tempted to forget: that, however like a camera

the mechanism of the eye may be, there is more to it than this analogy suggests. When he says: 'You say you have a pain in your leg but really it's in your mind, because pain is a feeling and a feeling can't be in your leg', he is putting his finger on a problem in a situation which is so familiar that we are hardly aware of any difficulty. When he goes further and says, as Bishop Berkeley said: 'Because intense heat is nothing else but a particular kind of painful sensation: and pain cannot exist but in a perceiving being; it follows that no intense heat can really exist in an unperceiving corporeal substance', then we begin to feel the secure foundations of common sense shake a little. Perhaps they are really secure. Perhaps Berkeley has been leading us up the garden path. But we are puzzled. There is a difficulty. And the moment we feel it, we are philosophers launched on an uncharted sea in an open boat.

This shaking of the foundations is one function of philosophy in society. And though it would be difficult to prove that a society could not get along without philosophers, and difficult to show precisely what benefits arise from their existence, we can see in a general way that the performance of this task of fundamental criticism is a desirable thing in a healthy society. Somewhere in a society there should be thinking going on not in the accepted framework and categories of the current ideology. Academic philosophers have not always fulfilled this critical role. They have frequently become the slaves of their own peculiar dogmas. And nothing can be drearier than philosophical dogma. When this happens it is usually someone outside the academic confines who revives the critical spirit and restores vitality to philosophy.

But this critical probing into the foundations is only one side of the historical task of philosophy. Construction follows close upon the heels of criticism. Plato, though he expounded no system, philosophised more systematically, more positively, more constructively, than Socrates; and he was followed by Aristotle, who produced a system of philosophy. Systems of philosophy in their day take up and transform many of the various strands of thought which characterise a period of history. In turn, they often give back ideas of some generality and initiate tendencies of thought in other fields than philosophy.

'What', we may ask, 'is a philosophical system, and should philosophers build systems?' To construct a philosophical system a man must at least show how the various activities of man—science, morality, religion—are related to one another and what ultimate view of the universe is implied in their co-existence. In the course of doing this the philosopher will have to spend a considerable time resolving problems on the boundaries between the different spheres. For example: Do the attested results of science make free-will an illusion? Or does the existence of free-will set limits to the sphere of scientific discovery? Is religious faith in God's goodness inconsistent with moral striving? Whatever questions of this kind are met, the attempt will be to put the answers in a single conceptual framework which will give intelligible answers to all the questions and establish the harmony of these different fields of experience. The task often demands the invention of new and more general concepts to unify the different fields.

Aristotle affords a good example of system-building in philosophy. His system is built round certain very general conceptions. All things that come to be and pass away Aristotle regards as containing two

distinguishable elements, form and matter. All processes in nature and man are treated as matter putting on or putting off form. What takes place by nature, when the acorn develops into an oak-tree, is the same kind of process which takes place by human artistry, when a house is built or a statue carved. At any one moment of its history a thing is either merely capable of receiving a certain form, actually endowed with it, or in process of losing it. To be fully in possession of one's appropriate form is to be fully actual or as nearly so as any composite thing can be. In man the soul and body are a special case of form and matter. Knowledge is of the forms of things, and the presence of matter in its object derogates from the perfection of the knowledge. If there is anything which is pure form, and therefore completely actual, this will be the object of the highest knowledge. Aristotle holds that God answers to this description and that God is the chief object of metaphysical knowledge, since, as pure form, he in the full sense, *is*. And metaphysics is the study of being.

The system is constituted by an intricate interweaving of basic concepts in different fields. Few philosophers today would care to defend any such elaborate scheme; yet it has so soaked into European thought and language that it is questionable whether we do not still, in much of our ordinary language, think in terms of it. Obviously, to build systems has the great danger of encouraging artificially contrived solutions. But in philosophy problems and fields of inquiry overlap to such an extent that not to bear in mind, while thinking about a problem in one field, the possible implications for another field may be equally disastrous.

At the beginning of this century Professor Moore pointed out in his ethical writings that a great many philosophers had confused the question 'What things are good?' with the question 'What is goodness?', and had thought that in telling us what things are good they were telling us what goodness was. 'Goodness', he proceeded to say, 'is goodness, and you cannot define it in terms of any natural qualities such as pleasure. It is a simple non-natural quality as yellow is a simple natural quality. We know that some things are good and it is part of the moral philosopher's business to enumerate what these are'. If we know that some things are good, and goodness is not a natural quality, not something we can ever observe, not something that science can ever tell us about, the question forces itself upon us: 'How do we know about this peculiar non-natural quality? Are there any more of these non-natural qualities? How do natural and non-natural qualities fit together, so to speak, in the world? How could we ever prove any proposition about such a quality?' Moore did not press these questions which, in a sense, lie outside the ethical sphere. Yet it is worrying about just this sort of question that has given new life to ethical discussions. It has raised the question whether we do know that anything is good, not in the sense that we might be failing to know because we are making a mistake but in the much more radical sense of whether it is a case of knowing or not knowing; whether our judgments on matters of conduct are not something different from knowledge. Are they perhaps expressions of emotion? Or something of the nature of commands? And, if so, whence comes their authority? In philosophy even if we do not believe in the building of philosophical systems we must not overlook the fact that the problems in all fields are interlocked.

—North of England Home Service

The Case for Lower Imports

By AUSTEN ALBU, M.P.

NEARLY a third of our national income, that is to say, a third of all the goods we consume and services we use, is directly or indirectly dependent on imports. No other country in the world, with the possible exceptions of Belgium and Switzerland, is in such a precarious position. We all recognise how precarious it is in time of war, when the difficulty of importing such a vast quantity of goods is mainly a physical one. In peace time, however, the difficulty is almost entirely financial; it is that of earning, in one way or another, enough foreign currency to pay for them. Why does this difficulty now appear so much greater than it used to?

There was a time when the cash value of our imports was an even higher proportion of the national income than it is now. In 1880 it was just under two-fifths, but after that it fell pretty steadily, so that

in 1939, just before the last war, our imports were down to one-fifth of our income. This was not because we were buying fewer goods from the rest of the world, but because the prices of food and raw materials, our most important imports, fell greatly compared with the prices of the manufactured goods which we exported. Even so, our exports were only paying for about two-thirds of our imports. For many years the balance was made up by what are known as invisible earnings; chiefly receipts from shipping, insurance, and other financial activities of the City of London, and the dividends and interest on the overseas investments which had been built up over the years when Britain was the workshop of the world.

Since the war, by a remarkable effort, we have raised the volume of our exports by three-quarters and they have been paying for just

about nine-tenths of our imports. Unfortunately, the relation between import and export prices is now much worse for us than it used to be. On this account alone, we would now have to export half as much again as before the war to pay for the same amount of imports, and the situation is not likely to improve. World conditions are not so favourable for us. Populations are growing; previously under-developed countries are building up their own industries; industrial production everywhere is rising faster than agricultural production. It is probable, therefore, that the prices of most primary products, that is, of food and raw materials, will rise faster than those of manufactured goods. That is, the prices of the things we import will rise faster than of those we export.

Greater Competition

But now it is—as we are already finding out—increasingly difficult to maintain exports at the high levels they have reached since the end of the war. We greatly increased our share of world trade in manufactured goods, at a time when some of our chief competitors, particularly Germany and Japan, were out of the market, and while there was a great shortage of consumer goods, such as textiles. Now goods made by these countries have come on to the markets to compete with ours. Our difficulties are the more serious because our invisible earnings are only about a third, in terms of imports, of what they were before the war. Part of this loss is due to the war-time sale of our foreign investments. This was particularly serious when they were in dollar countries, because it has greatly increased our difficulties in paying for the substantial part of our food and raw materials, which has to be paid for in dollars.

The result of these changes has been that, in spite of our export achievements, we have been able to import only about nine-tenths of what we did before the war, although our population is larger. Some estimates of our share in world trade which have been made by Professor Austin Robinson conclude that in the future we are likely to be able to pay for an even smaller proportion—perhaps only four-fifths—of our pre-war imports. I find it hard to disagree with Professor Robinson. Even this low level of imports would leave us only a very small surplus out of our overseas earnings for badly needed investment abroad and for building up our reserves of gold and dollars, so as to make ourselves less vulnerable to fluctuations in the American economy.

It therefore seems to me clear that we must do everything possible over the next few years to reduce our need of imports, especially of imports which must be paid for in dollars. For expressing such an opinion I shall, no doubt, be accused of being an autarchist, an opponent of world trade, an enemy of friendly relations between nations; and I shall be told that the effect of such a policy will be to reduce the standard of living of the British people. I am unrepentant. It seems to me elementary that if you are short of foreign currency you should use it carefully and in accordance with an established order of need. Otherwise, it may become impossible to buy essential materials. Take dollars, for instance. I do not believe the Americans are going to make enough dollars available by increasing their imports—at any rate not of goods or materials produced in the Sterling area. Nor should we rely on their making large investments in other countries, or continuing to make gifts. Why should they? There is no urgent economic reason for them to do so.

We must therefore reduce our imports of dollar goods. What are they? First, wheat and other grains. We have not done too badly there. We have nearly doubled our pre-war home production. It is a general view that we ought to produce a lot more food at home; but whether an increase in agricultural production will actually save imports I am not sure. Most of us would like to eat more meat; and an increase in food production at home may be absorbed in improving our diet. (We certainly cannot hope to improve our diet without it.) Secondly, softwood timber. We are importing a good deal less than before the war; but there is still scope for further saving. The Ministry of Housing recently issued a booklet illustrating methods of house-building which would save a good deal of timber. Some of these were new methods of construction and some the use of substitute materials, such as concrete joists, hollow clay block roofs and chipboard floors. Some of the examples given, although they save timber, cost at present rather more than traditional methods; others cost less, and many of them would cost still less if these methods became common and the scale of production of the substitute materials reached economic proportions. Chipboard, for instance, is made from mill-waste or forest thinnings and

synthetic resin, and has a "high structural strength. It can now be produced at a price competitive with natural timber.

Everyone knows that synthetic fibres such as rayon and nylon are taking the place of cotton and silk. Since 1937 the proportion of rayon to cotton used in cloth has nearly trebled. This is very helpful, because rayon can be made from Scandinavian wood pulp, and only about one-tenth of the cost of cloth made from it is due to imported raw material; while for cotton cloth it is from one-third to one-half. Today the chemical industry is producing a whole host of new man-made fibres based on coal or petroleum. Most of these are in the early stages of development or production, and they are, therefore, expensive. But they are generally very hard wearing and have a wide variety of uses, so that in the end they should prove economical. One of the new materials, which can be used either alone or blended with other fibres as an alternative to wool, is made from groundnuts after the oil has been extracted, and is therefore a by-product of our substantial imports of nuts. It may sound heresy to suggest that Bradford should use anything but wool, but it may be to our advantage to keep the price of wool down by using less of it and so to encourage the Australian farmer to supply us with more mutton or to sell his wool for dollars.

The building of a number of plants in this country for refining petroleum has not only provided a substantial direct saving in dollars but has also led to the establishment of a whole new industry based on by-products. Ethyl alcohol, which is an important chemical used in the manufacture of rayon and plastics, and acetone, which is a very important solvent, used to be made entirely from molasses, imported mostly from Cuba, and both are now made from petroleum. Since 1945 the output of acetone in this country has trebled, while the dollar cost of raw materials used in its manufacture has gone down to one-third. Other products of the petro-chemical industry are the new synthetic detergents, the use of which in place of oils and fats for soap-making can reduce the cost of imported raw materials by three-quarters. Seeds and nuts for the manufacture of oils and fats form one of the largest single groups of imports, but world supply is scarcely equal to demand, and prices, therefore, will tend to rise.

The modern chemist seems capable of carrying out almost any transmutation of organic matter, and all the synthetic materials produced from petroleum refinery by-products could also be got from coal, which does not have to be imported. The quantities of coal involved would be small compared with the amount burnt as fuel, and at present the products would be by-products of the production of gas or synthetic petrol; though the processes involved require very expensive plant and are not yet economic. Research is, however, going on to try to convert coal directly into much more valuable products, such as disinfectants, medical agents, and plastics. Plastics made from coal tar by existing processes or from cheap, imported raw materials have already replaced metals for many purposes. A recent innovation has been the use of glass fibre as a reinforcement in the manufacture of plastic components; for instance, in jet aircraft engines.

Methods of Saving on Imports

Imports of raw materials can be saved not only by substituting home-produced materials, but also by appropriate methods of design or manufacture. For instance, many engineering components, which have in the past been made of cast iron, can now be built up from steel sheet or plate by welding, with very great reduction of weight. The strength of iron and steel and other metals is being continuously increased by alloying them with very small quantities of special metals, or by new and improved processes of heat treatment. As a result, the dimensions of parts used in machines or in building construction can be reduced. Finally, if there were a steady encouragement of scrap salvage, efficient methods of utilisation could be developed. This applies not only to metals, but also to oils, paper, textiles, animal bones, and many other materials.

These methods of saving imports that I have been discussing may sound pretty drastic. They will certainly involve a readiness on the part of all of us to face the facts and to accept changes in ways of doing things to which we have long become accustomed. As a nation we must become more economical and must devote more and more energy and ingenuity to the saving of traditional materials as well as to the development of new ones. I do not believe that we can raise our standard of living if that involves a parallel increase of imports. The total value of our imports may go up in the end, but it is bound to become a smaller proportion of what we all hope will be a rising national income.—*Home Service*

NEWS DIARY

July 8-14

Wednesday, July 8

Communists at Panmunjom express their willingness to resume armistice talks, subject to the United Nations taking 'effective steps' to ensure that the South Koreans observe the truce

French National Assembly passes new Government's Finance Bill

Workers in a number of factories in east Berlin stage sit-down strikes

Lord Salisbury, Acting Foreign Minister, leaves London for Foreign Ministers' talks in Washington

Thursday, July 9

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh begin their tour of Wales

Authorities in east Berlin lift travel restrictions imposed after last month's riots

Third Test Match opens at Manchester

Friday, July 10

Mr. L. P. Beria, Soviet Minister of Internal Affairs, expelled from the Communist Party

Conference of western Foreign Ministers opens in Washington

Armistice talks resumed at Panmunjom

Saturday, July 11

The three western Foreign Ministers call on President Eisenhower

Russia rejects President Eisenhower's offer to send food to eastern Germany

General Gruenther takes over from General Ridgway as Supreme Allied Commander, Europe

Sunday, July 12

President Syngman Rhee and Mr. Robertson, in a joint statement on their talks, say that they have 'gone far towards achieving mutual understanding on troubled questions'

State of emergency in east Berlin lifted

Monday, July 13

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, tells Commons that, following abduction of a British airman in Ismailia on July 9, control points are being set up to search all traffic entering and leaving the town. Major Salem, Egyptian Minister of National Guidance, accuses the British of 'violating Egyptian sovereignty'

Attack launched by 20,000 Chinese communist troops on central Korean front

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother lays foundation stone of first university in Central Africa

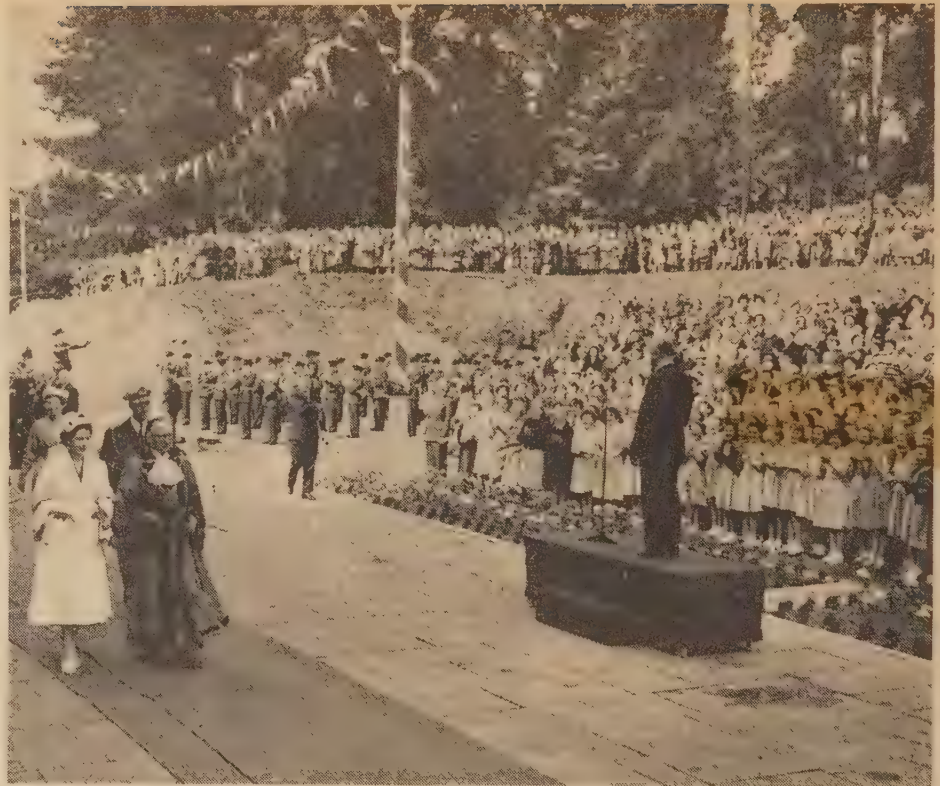
Tuesday, July 14

In Korea Chinese communists keep up heaviest attack for two years

Western Foreign Ministers end their conference in Washington: they propose, among other things, a meeting in the early autumn with the Soviet Foreign Minister

Both Houses of South African Parliament approve motion enabling Prime Minister to introduce a Bill to amend the constitution

Third Test match drawn



The Royal Tour of Wales: H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh being greeted by a choir of schoolchildren at the Civic Centre, Newport, Monmouthshire, on July 9, the first day of their tour. The royal party later left for Cardiff where their entry into the city was marked by a salute of twenty-one guns fired by H.M.S. *Apollo*, berthed in the docks. After attending the civic luncheon in the city hall, Her Majesty knighted the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, Mr. J. P. Collins. The Queen and the Duke toured mining and industrial areas before leaving by the royal train for North Wales



A radio photograph of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visiting the Zimbabwe ruins, near Fort Victoria, Southern Rhodesia, on July 11. The ruins represent a period of African civilisation about which little or nothing is known



D. A. G. Pirie, the British, breasting the tape at the finish of the six-miles at White City on July 13 when he broke the world record, winning in the time of 28 minutes and 19.4 seconds. The previous record was held by V. A. Heino of Finland, whom Pirie beat by 11.4 seconds

Right: Scene from a new play performed this week



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh being acclaimed by the crowd, as they stood at Queen Eleanor's Gate during their visit to Caernarvon Castle on July 10



Mr. L. P. Beria (left), the Soviet Minister of Internal Affairs, and Senior Deputy Chairman of the Soviet Council of Ministers, whose expulsion from the Communist Party was announced from Moscow on July 10. Mr. Beria is charged with having aimed at undermining the Soviet Union 'in the interests of foreign capital'. Mr. S. N. Kruglov (right) has been appointed to succeed Mr. Beria as Minister of Internal Affairs



Massed bands taking part in the Searchlight Tattoo which opened at the White City on July 13. H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the Tattoo on July 14



Ben Hogan, the American golfer, playing his final and record round in the British Open Golf Championship at Carnoustie which he won on July 10 with an aggregate of 282. He is the first player for twenty-one years to hold both the American and British titles at the same time



'Alice in Wonderland', which is being performed at the Royal Festival Hall, London



'Bezurrell Mary', champion Long White Lop-eared sow at the Royal Show at Blackpool last week



'A Universal Allegory', by Kenneth Ford: from the Royal College of Art's Coronation Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London

A New Briton and the Coronation

By LILI KOWALSKA

I HAVE lived thirteen years in England and for four of them I have been a British subject, yet it is only since the Coronation that I have really felt what is meant by being a loving and loyal subject of the Queen.

Like many 'new Britons' who came here in the war I have spent most of my life in republican countries and before I came to England I could not see anything especially desirable in monarchy. I was inclined to think that kings had had their day and that a republican system was a natural and logical step forward in political progress. But I know now that things are not as simple as that. That way of thinking leaves out a lot of imponderables—just as the scientific approach we used to be so fond of leaves out a lot of imponderables, too.

Brave New World That Failed

You remember how at the end of the first world war, when monarchies were falling like ninepins and science was enthroned in their place, wonderful nurseries were prepared where psychology and scientific methods ruled. Here the supermen of the brave new world were to be raised, away from the reactionary conditions of their parents' homes. But something went wrong. In spite of meticulous care and perfect surroundings, the children did not thrive. They seemed better and happier, in fact, when they returned to live under less favourable conditions with their own parents. Something—some indefinable personal quality—was lacking in these scientific nurseries. And it seems that there must always be in people this longing not for security alone but for warmth and sympathy and protection, and that this longing needs a human symbol to centre on. A cold, abstract conception of a principle is not enough.

Those of us who lived under the shadow of European twentieth-century dictatorships—which were the neo-monarchies of our generation—know that that instinct is so strong that it can drive men to give their loyalty and their lives for a single human symbol: their leader. But we learnt, too, to fear and distrust this instinct because ambition, fanaticism, and cruelty have so often harnessed it to their evil work. It is only in these past few weeks that I have come to realise that this, like all the instincts of mankind, was given us for our good and leads to evil only when men desire evil, or do not wish enough to fight it. This is how I found out.

When I first came here during the war, and after it, I saw the close and friendly contact between the throne and the people, and I admired the Royal Family, their way of life, their discipline, and simplicity. But I could not see that these things had any deep significance in the life of the nation. When King George VI died, we, the new Britons, felt the same deep grief as you did—even though he had been *our* King for such a short time; and I found myself wondering a little why this should be so. I thought it was because he was a man of such admirable courage and devotion to duty. I told myself it was natural to mourn such a man, even though he was personally unknown to me. But I mourned him as a man and not as a king—or so I thought. The months passed, and the preparations for the Coronation began to take shape. I like celebrations, and I began to look forward to this one. I was curious about it, too, for I had never lived through a coronation before. I had no idea what to expect. As the street decorations and window displays began to appear, every day bringing its new crop of surprises, I was glad—and mildly astonished—to find myself being drawn into the golden spiderweb of gaiety and joy which expectation and tension were spinning everywhere.

A Living Celebration

Looking back now, I think that it was then, during these weeks, that I began to get a glimmering of understanding of what the Crown really means. For I remembered festivals and parades in the different republics where I had lived, and they were not like this: They seemed in comparison to be strangely inert and meaningless, mere spectacles and pageants. They were put on for the people; but here the festival

gave people the sense that they were partaking in it, contributing to it. It was just that that I found so exciting, so new—the feeling that everyone, whatever his origins, his job, his political views, was a living part of the great celebration that was going forward.

During the weeks of mounting excitement I began to recognise—slowly, gropingly—what it was that was driving me forward with such multitudes of others: a rising gale of emotion, carrying everyone in its path towards the same goal. And when I recognised this common thought and common feeling, I found a new and thrilling experience, the sense of oneness with the British crowds. I usually keep away from crowds—they give me claustrophobia. I suppose because most of the crowds I have known abroad have been either in a hysterical or an ugly mood. But these crowds were an eye-opener to me. They were so good-humoured and balanced, so child-like in their expectancy and enjoyment, and so child-like, too, in their instinctive feeling of a vast family relationship—a relationship quite unlike the philosophy or racialism of other nations. I could not have known that the cold, reserved British would enjoy themselves in such an orderly yet matey exhilaration. The barriers between the Briton and the stranger in his midst come down only at times of great sorrow or joy. They came down during the war, and they came down—though I had not understood why—at the time of the King's death. Now at last I understood that it was only by accepting this sense of family loyalty and affection towards the Queen and the Royal Family that I could find a real sense of unity with my new fellow-countrymen. At last I understood it—but still with my mind alone. I had to wait until Coronation morning itself for this understanding to be translated into feeling.

Her Majesty—'the Servant of History'

In the last few days before the Coronation I was struck by the great trouble which the Queen took—attending rehearsals, preparing herself to be perfect in word and movement during the ceremony—and I could not help comparing her actions with the behaviour of the dictators of our age. How they, on ceremonial occasions, would have strutted on, unrehearsed, arrogantly capsize the ancient ritual in the flood of their exhibitionism, their eloquence, and their power. She was content to mould her actions to fit the age-old pattern of the sacred rite, to be the willing servant of history and of the duty which history had imposed on her. So, as the Queen prepared herself for her crowning, I, too was being prepared by these thoughts for the startling glimpse of truth I was to receive.

To be present at the Queen's hallowing through the television broadcast was a profoundly spiritual experience. It came as a shock to me and, I believe, to a multitude of astonished people, not only those who were new Britons like me. We had expected dignity and splendour, we had been sure the chief actors would show reverence and sincerity, but we had not thought to find ourselves taking part in a timeless sacrament, a baptism into the mystery of service, a marriage between the Queen and her people, and a communion of both with God. The absence of colour in the little screen seemed to emphasise the spiritual meaning of the ceremony, for excess of splendour would have distracted one. The supreme moment came, for me, when the Queen laid aside her majesty with her robes and jewels and sat, alone and unattended, in a plain white dress, waiting with bowed head for her anointing. I felt the deep sincerity, the loving reverence, and the true humility before God which radiated from her, and suddenly my heart was touched with glowing love. Here, I felt, is the true symbol, the living human symbol of the Christian society in which my soul longs to find its home. And in that simple, dedicated figure I saw the assurance that this nation and Commonwealth are united not in the bonds of birth and history alone, but in their devotion to simple human virtues which it is the privilege of the Crown to cherish and exemplify. So, as the Archbishop invested his anointed Queen with all the glorious panoply of majesty, I was able to add my own crown of love and loyalty as she was lifted up into her throne—Queen indeed over her people of whom, by the mercy of God, I am one.—*Home Service*

High Wood: 1916-1953

By J. L. HODSON

WE set off light-heartedly. I did, anyway. We are not the men we were, of course. We are grey or bald, and creak at the joints. We said we should be disguised as ancient monuments and nobody would know us. But some of us knew one another all right: not the same men, and yet, in a sense, just the same. When I think of them, they are as they were thirty-seven years ago; to that small extent, immortal. They have not grown old any more than the dead, not in my mind.

And yet this was a journey into the past—*soldats Anglais retournés—ancien combattants* without a doubt, making a pilgrimage; and with a bond between us. We moved in gradually, to the place where the war in the beginning was less terrible than we had expected: up to Béthune and the La Bassée road, through Beuvry, where some of us would begin to pull our belts a hole tighter; up to Annequin Corner and Annequin Fosse, where one of us has a bunch of flowers for a girl he knew long, long ago. The coal-pits, the pyramids of slag—these are still brooding there, even one or two brickstacks whence the *minenwerfers* came wobbling over on to us in cloth caps with nothing to throw back. Talk of Moulin Rouge Alley, and Harley Street, talk of the Kaiser's birthday when they put out a picture in no-man's-land and gave us hell all day. Here is Windy Corner, where one of us inquired of dead men huddled in the road in the dark, if this were company headquarters. Pont Fix and the canal, where some of the fellows bathed. Orchard Keep, which got it so badly when the Welsh crater went up. And Festubert—Festubert, wet and soggy and desolate as ever: Festubert, with its breastworks in a swamp of mud. You changed into gumboots in the village and were lucky not to finish in the front line in your stocking-feet; equally lucky to find your own boots when you came out. Talk of slogging back to Béthune in two odd ones, of our poet committing the sacrilege of washing his rifle in a pond; what use were rifles, anyhow, he said, or bayonets either, except to chop firewood with?—the only

use mine was ever put to, thank God. Laughter over memories of ten days' C.B. for halting a train that had never moved off; memories of gentle fatigues carrying gas cylinders and cursing R.E. corporals, recollections of swaggering and singing in the trench with identity discs worn as monocles; of blazing sun and red poppies on the trench top, and us shouting and laughing as we collided and fell when dodging



British troops bringing in a captured gun at High Wood, October, 1916

the trench mortars. How easily we laughed at war in those early days; laughed—until the tragedies struck at us, as they did now.

The silence in Cambrin churchyard where, this thirty-seven years later, we found the graves of some of our friends. How young they were! A second-in-command of a company I believed must be over thirty, was only twenty-four—such poise and maturity he had, such certainty about being glad to be fighting. And Neil—twenty-three—a man full of affection, centre of the noise and merriment in the *estaminets*, until, suddenly, he would bring us to silence playing Chopin on a rickety piano—dead quiet, and, in the distance, guns booming. And Cyril, killed on the firestep shouting defiance. And the others lying there. And memories of Raymond who, when a Divisional Order said we must learn to hate, wrote some verses saying 'Hands off my soul!'

This area, Béthune and Cambrin, has the industrial greyness it always had; you could be in Lancashire or the West Riding. The Somme, by comparison, is like the rolling downland of Sussex or Salisbury Plain, quite beautiful a lot of it. We went up to High Wood from Amiens, as we did in 1916: we went up through the small towns and villages engraved on our minds—Corbié, Buire, where we swam in the Ancre; Mealte, where some of us discussed one with another who we would like to have our watches and suchlike if we were killed; Fricourt, which I remember as a signpost and bits of rubble and intolerable heat and dust and Long Tom guns in the valley. We had been glad to be there in 1916, for we thought this change from ordinary trench warfare to the Big Push would bring a decision. We were glad to make it. In the evening coming south we had drunk much wine, and in the hayloft somebody had recited:

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling time hath prest.

We were thinking of those buried at Cambrin.



The ruined square of Béthune, July, 1918

Here we were again now, thirty-seven years later, covering in a few minutes what it took twenty days of battle to cover then. We had an exact copy of the battalion orders issued forty minutes after midnight on July 20. Here was Mametz Valley—associated for me for ever with the sweet, foetid smell of death—Mametz Wood, where we lay in shallow holes and watched German shells, visible as lead pencils, shooting over and dropping just beyond. Here, by the road, was where we lay in the open, not even dug in, so that, as shelling started, one saw pieces of men rising in the air in a bloody mist. A war of attrition, certainly. Perhaps we were more silent now, we men of middle-age, than we were then. Assuredly I was cursing less.

We watched the Scotties go over to take High Wood, those long years ago, in broad afternoon; and we saw the wounded streaming back like a ragged football crowd. The dead we didn't see, not till thirty-six hours later when, in turn, we crossed the same open 1,000 yards to take the same wood. It was night, the bombardment superb, broken blazing trees and thunder abroad. We lay down before the final rush and in that half-minute's halt and that fury and tempest of noise, I went fast asleep. Yes, fast asleep. The whistle of advance roused me. We got into the wood with no very great loss, this wood judged so precious, this wood taped to a yard by the artillery of both sides, this cemetery we further enriched. In twenty-four hours we lost two-thirds of the battalion, mainly, I think, in just being shelled.

How fearfully hot the day was, water scarce and tasting of petrol, men going west so fast that risks greater or smaller were of no consequence, the whole affair savouring of the unreal and the theatrical!

And here we were now, on a bitter April day a lifetime later, on the edge of the same wood looking at the ground falling away towards Mametz. No dead littering the slope now, but a crop of dark clover, and potatoes and beet, and some corn, all springing from the soil under a forbidding sky. In a corner of this wood, of both hideous and hallowed memory, is a farmhouse with 200 chickens; four piebald cattle were grazing in the wood itself. Two dogs sat in kennels like tiny pillboxes. And, suddenly, the heavens grew a livid yellow and black and the wind increased and the hail tore down and the rain swept over. How appropriate it was to the emotions now filling our hearts! For as far as we could see a host of the gravestones in that large but neat enclosure in front of the wood were nameless: 'A Royal Fusilier—known unto God', 'A Royal Welch Fusilier—known unto God', 'An Australian Soldier—known unto God'; and so on. I think some of us were asking ourselves what we were doing alive when these were dead.

When the storm ceased we walked in the wood. It is a wood of youthful new trees now; nature resurgent and undefeated. We found a few old relics, though: a steel helmet in the undergrowth rusted to the thinness of paper, a blue British water-bottle shot through with bullets, an unexploded shell; and the remains of a German machine-gun post

of shattered concrete under which, said Emil the farmer, seven German officers lie buried. On the far side of the wood your eyes reach Martinpuich across peaceful agricultural land, once pitted with shell-craters. On this edge of the wood is a pond created by a mine blown after our day, and on it wildfowl were darting to and fro. Altogether a man does not find much to tell him what happened there: that is, if he forgets the memorials—and the graves.

We walked about the wood, he who was closest to me thirty-seven years ago, close again now. We did find the approximate place where with our Lewis gun we fought a brief duel with a German machine-gun, and the place where enemy-helmeted heads dodged in the foliage a score of yards off and where we exulted in shooting them. Hereabouts was the strong point we held and into which, late that day, a wounded German, hobbling like a dog, crawled in, tore off his Iron Cross, terrified of our shooting him; and a half-a-dozen water-bottles were lugged out to give him a drink; aye, readier than we had given it to one another. And this was strange, following on terrible things I had seen done by us to them earlier that morning. But there was a community of suffering between us and him just then. I think we felt in the muck together.

As we walked, my old comrade said: 'Do you remember —' and he mentioned a name—'how he would kneel down in the huts at home and pray, fearless then and fearless always? He dominated those near him. He would say: "Have no fear. It's all right". He was killed in this wood, did you know?' I said I didn't know. Then he said: 'We were very solicitous for the wounded that day. Do you remember? Do you remember giving the Scottie morphia?' I said No, I didn't remember. He said: 'I think now that all life is sacred'. I said: 'But what if we have to fight again?' 'Yes', he said, 'I realise that'. He said: 'Soldier, you used to sing a lot, do you remember—"My Old Shako"?' I said I remembered best our anthem.

Twelve are the twelve apostles

Eleven are the eleven went to heaven.

I said I remembered how the remnants of us sang it as we marched away from Mametz. I said if ghosts walked they must parade in companies—nay, brigades—round this place. For here, in three short months of a summer long gone, thousands upon thousands of men were slain. And I wonder, if the ghosts walk, are the dead friendly, one with another, ours and the old enemy? I hope they are.

And so, on our last evening, to the Menin Gate, into whose walls are cut the names and ranks and regiments of 60,000 men dead in the Salient of Ypres, but lost—denied by fate the dignity of formal burial. We stood in the high and bitter wind as two buglers sounded the Last Post. The notes shrilled under the arch, sounding over the city of Ypres, sounding, it seemed to me, a requiem of pride and bitterness and sorrow and faith, in men who can give so much, endure so much.

—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Science and Responsibility

Sir,—After spending many weeks carefully composing a talk whose meaning would be clear to the simplest minds, it is most depressing to discover that I have completely failed to communicate my ideas to Dr. Comfort, Dr. Humphrey, and Dr. Hilton. Indeed, so perverted are some of their interpretations of my words and so utterly unfounded some of the statements and sentiments which they put into my mouth, that a stranger might suspect them of being wantonly obtuse in order to discredit me whilst grinding their own axes. But knowing them as I do, either personally or by repute, to be sincere and able men, I must accept the humiliating alternative explanation: that my utterances were not lucid but equivocal.

Now, obviously, I cannot argue in defence of things I never said and would never think of saying. For that reason, and through lack of space, I shall deny myself the pleasure of tearing Dr. Comfort's amazing misinterpretations piece-

meal. However, if he likes to pore over my talk until he understands it, I shall show myself more gracious than history by permitting him to wipe his hands on a piece of notepaper: a simple apology will suffice. Dr. Humphrey and Dr. Hilton, on the other hand, have so nearly understood me in places that they merit the courtesy of a reply in detail, combined with an expanded restatement of those parts of my thesis which they appear to have found most obscure.

First of all, by electing governments which had the power, in war time, to carry out any military projects without a detailed referendum, the electors of the U.S.A. and Great Britain accepted responsibility for the manufacture and use of the atom bomb. If you give someone *carte blanche* to act in your name you cannot subsequently disclaim responsibility for their actions. Secondly, many of the scientists involved in the development of the atom bomb may have advised President Truman against its use. But how fortunate for the world that their advice was

ignored! We laid waste eighty square miles of German cities with fire and H.E. bombs before she surrendered: it was estimated that conquest of Japan by invasion might cost the lives of 4,000,000 people on both sides. So far, the consequences of using the atom bomb are that Japan was defeated with the loss of only 200,000 lives, and with the devastation of only four-and-a-half square miles of city. In addition, our possession of atomic weapons may have dissuaded Russia from subjugating the whole of Europe and Asia. Which of these consequences is evil?

Next, Humphrey and Hilton seem to imply that the policy of arming this country with weapons of mass destruction is being foisted upon the public against their will. If that is so, then the public must be crass idiots: democracy provides them with the machinery by which they may stop the production of all arms at once, throw out the Government and elect a parliament of sworn pacifists. Why don't they do it? Can it be because the 'man in the street', much

as he detests and fears war and ardently desires peace, nevertheless does not regard death as the greatest possible evil? Perhaps he actually prefers, if forced to fight in defence of his principles and freedom, that he shall be armed with weapons which give him a chance of winning? While deprecating the waste of money and resources, he may consider it advisable that we should remain powerfully armed until we are sure that no nation will try to extend her influence by aggression. And if Humphrey and Hilton are sure that no nation would ever do such a naughty thing, Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and Perret are regretfully unable to share their confidence.

Now for this vexed question of scientific responsibility. In an enlightened democracy such as ours everyone, be he scientist or not, is entitled to shout his views from the housetops in an effort to persuade other men to accept them. Of course we scientists may 'tell our fellow men what we know of the power of applied science to destroy or create'. Most of my talk was devoted to doing just that very thing. But if our political views are rejected by the majority we must not endeavour to impose them by force. Any organised minority which is essential and irreplaceable, by virtue of intellect or training, could, in effect, rule this country by withdrawing its services whenever it disliked government policy. Oligarchy would then replace democracy. Individual scientists can choose their employment on conscientious grounds: but if scientists, as a body, try to frustrate the expressed will of the electorate, either they will end up as conscripts, or democracy will collapse. And that is what I meant by saying 'when carried to extremes the right to strike is fundamentally anti-democratic'. I was stating fact, not opinion.

Finally, I must thank that redoubtable master of semantics, Dr. Pirie, for taking the trouble to understand what I said. But even in my gratitude I cannot permit him to get away with that subtle twist of meaning which puts the sting into the tail of his letter. All nations, whatever their creed, sacrifice uncrowned individuals in time of war: whether they do it with atom bombs or poisoned arrows is not ethically important. And although he may believe that communists object to the atom bomb on moral grounds, others attribute communist objection to nothing more meritorious than dislike of a weapon which can neutralise Russia's military might.

Let me end by warning future speakers that one fourteen-minute talk is apparently too short for the successful advocacy of simple common sense.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.7

JOHN PERRET

The Case for Lower Imports

Sir,—Mr. Austen Albu's plea for a reduction in imports is surely a counsel of despair. It is by no means new. Germany, before the war, sought substitutes for all kinds of imported commodities, with three effects: it diverted her great scientific resources into a largely sterile search for substitutes; it lowered her standard of living; and it created a 'have not' obsession which could find satisfaction only in seeking, by forcible acquisition, access to greater natural resources which she could otherwise have bought by trade. The most certain road to unhappiness would be for the elements of our great Commonwealth and the Atlantic Community each to strive for greater self-sufficiency. Let us remember that many small countries value their trade with us and that in our attempts to achieve a small economic advantage we may well do them serious harm. The policy of the 'good neighbour' applies in economics as well as in defence.

In spite of present difficulties the position is far from hopeless. After a century of protection,

the United States, herself an example of the high standard of living which is possible in a large free-trade area, is now turning towards freer external trade. We should not fail to encourage and accompany her, for British and American example count for much in the modern world.

Let us not, through fear, or hope of petty gain, move back into semi-feudalism, wasting money and effort on the building of economic fortresses or self-imposed iron curtains in a Balkanised world full of covetousness and hate.

Yours, etc.,

Manchester

H. E. WADSWORTH

The Bamboo Curtain

Sir,—China could, quite legitimately and without a shot being fired, squeeze Hong Kong out of existence and inherit its wealth in a year or less by the simple expedient of opening a rival port (a) inside its own Customs belt, and (b) eliminating the expense of European supervision.

This was actually tried in a small way at Whampoa in 1925 when the hammer and sickle flew over Canton. The boycott, such as it was, went on for quite a long time, but the valuable rice trade returned to Hong Kong in a few weeks. Probably Bangkok and Saigon shippers wanted some cash remittances; banks and brokers and marine insurance and solicitors and courts of justice and bailiffs do not spring from the ground by magic.—Yours, etc.,

Tunstall

N. L. SMITH

'If and Perhaps and But'

Sir,—I have no doubt that the question Mr. David Jones raises in THE LISTENER of July 2 is an important one, but I do not see how it can be thought to arise from my talk on Mr. Eliot which you printed a fortnight earlier. I have, however, always found the greatest difficulty in expressing myself clearly, and perhaps I have been even more inarticulate than usual.

I was talking of Mr. Eliot's observation that Milton might be 'useless' as a model for poets at one point of time, and a healthy influence at others. This is surely simple enough in itself? Highly formal or highly mannered verse may get temporarily worn out from over-use; at other times the same fate may overtake relaxed verse. I ventured, possibly without caution, to see in this suggestion something more particular to Mr. Eliot himself: a reaction of his own against his former productions: a reaction leading him to adopt, rather surprisingly, what I called the 'discipline' of modern stage-comedy. Has the confusion arisen because I used the word 'discipline'? Ought I to have said 'convention'? I hope not, because modern comedy is, for better or worse, an exacting form of writing, and to practise it successfully must demand considerable submission and application: it is a discipline in that sense. I certainly have no wish to suggest that any of this was possibly a reflection of a 'civilisational' change. Like Mr. Jones, I do not think there has been one.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10

HENRY REED

Scotland's Promising Dramatist

Sir,—I am the daughter of Graham Moffat, author of 'Bunty Pulls the Strings', who died about eighteen months ago. Having read Mr. Ivor Brown's talk on 'Scotland's Promising Dramatists' which appeared in your publication of June 11, I feel that it is my place to reply and to draw attention to some facts, which, owing doubtless to the passage of time, do not seem to be generally known, even to those who write about the Scottish theatre.

The vision of a Scottish National Theatre was in the mind of my father long before James

Bridie came to the fore, and it was with the object of establishing such a movement in Glasgow that he wrote his earliest plays, including 'Bunty Pulls the Strings'. In 1907 and 1908 he produced four of his plays at the Athenaeum Hall, Glasgow, with an amateur company, trained by himself. They advertised themselves as 'The Scottish National Players' and were the first group of players of that name to produce plays in Scotland. They tried to get other dramatists to join them but without success, and they got practically no backing. 'A Scrape o' the Pen', 'Till the Bells Ring' and 'The Concealed Bed' were three of the plays produced at the Athenaeum Hall, and they later became successes of the professional theatre. It would be difficult to find two finer studies of Scottish character than old Mattha and Leezie Ingles as played by my father and mother in 'A Scrape o' the Pen', and Scotland took the play to its heart.

'Bunty Pulls the Strings' was accepted for production by the Glasgow Repertory Theatre, in 1910, but, owing to a disagreement with the management, the arrangement fell through. Though it had its initial success in London in 1911, 'Bunty' was written for Scottish actors and Scottish audiences. But a strange idea arose in the minds of some of Scotland's 'highbrows' of that time, which was probably due to the play's phenomenal success in London. They assumed that Graham Moffat had written 'Bunty' 'to please the English'. Nothing could be further from the truth, and, to his dying day, any suggestion of this nature made my father angry. Yet, despite his public denials of it, the rumour had its effect; and, among certain literary circles in Scotland, it became the correct thing to sneer at 'Bunty'. Even in 1948, THE LISTENER published part of a broadcast (and a very fine one it was) by Mr. Moray McLaren, in which, despite his general good judgment, he made the mistake of mentioning 'Bunty Pulls the Strings' as an example of a Scottish play written for export to London or America, which shows how that old rumour has persisted. And, now, we have Mr. Ivor Brown writing in your columns: 'The English adored Graham Moffat's "Bunty Pulls the Strings" with its portrayal of Victorian Scots as decorative imbeciles'. Fie, Mr. Brown! One would think that you had never seen the play, or read it with intelligence, for such a description of it is unworthy of you.

Graham Moffat's work is not popular with those who prefer plays dealing with the seamy side of life. He did not think that a fit subject for public entertainment. He wrote of Scottish life and character as he knew it and loved it, and it will be a sad day for Scotland if ever Scottish audiences lose their sense of humour and their appreciation of good, clean plays.

Yours, etc.,

Cape Town

WINIFRED L. MOFFAT

Picasso in Rome

Sir,—Professor Blunt tells us that Picasso made 'a long series of preliminary drawings' for the 'Man with a Lamb'. He does not mention that the actual execution of this bronze over seven feet high was achieved in a single day. This fact possibly has some bearing on Professor Blunt's statement that it is partly because Picasso 'has not got quite the same virtuosity' in sculpture as in painting that he is forced 'to go more slowly' in sculpture.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10

DAVID SYLVESTER

In the caption to the photograph of Henley Regatta on page 60 of last week's issue, we regret that the winners of the Ladies' Plate were given as Radley College. They were, in fact, Jesus College.

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

MARTIN FROY has a painting called 'The model seated' hanging in the I.C.A. exhibition 'Eleven British Painters'. It is a picture of great beauty. It is painted in a low range of greys, except for a patch of white which represents a sheet of music on a piano, and points of red which appear here and there. These points can be interpreted variously as marking intervals in a determined composition, as marking intervals objectively observed, and as sparks of primary colour stimulating the mass of slow-moving umber. The doubt which arises when we consider the origins of these marks increase when we take a more inclusive view of the picture. The figure is apparently compounded of three distinct ways of painting. The slabs of paint making up the figure are modelled as if by light. At first, one accepts that the picture's tonal range is a transposition of 'real' tonality. Yet as the eye flicks back to the snow white of the music on the piano, one wonders, could the light that modelled the umbers of the figure pitch that white so high? The figure itself is laced round with dark lines that define its limits. They appear to be arrived at by flat drawing of the shapes involved. But is this so? As the lines near the edges of the picture they shoot off to become architectural divisions of the canvas, and their brokenness, which elsewhere one reads as a mark of hesitation, of the tentative, is now clearly an aesthetic effect.

It would be absurd to suggest that a painter's means are always comprehensible. Time after time one withdraws from the National Gallery with the conclusion that it is all magic: only occasionally does one catch a glimpse of the bare processes there. But it has been a different case ever since the critics' interpretation of impressionism has driven us to consider form and content separately. Is it possible that the tendency to see style as an aspect of painting concerned only with form and distinct from subject has at last run its course; and that the acute awareness of style by this definition has, so to speak, destroyed style? It is hard not to speculate on these lines. Is the subject, forcibly torn from its medium years ago, now re-entering painting so pervasively that stylistic distinctions are rendered transparent, perhaps archaic? One could not have asked this question a few years ago. One would not ask it now were it not that the problematic qualities found in Froy's picture reappear elsewhere.

Victor Pasmore in his constructions taught us that non-figurative art was not illusionistic. Space was space, a right angle was a real ninety-degree corner. He had arrived at this point, one supposed, retreating from the associations of oil paint, eternally connected with the framed 'window on the world'. Now in his photostats (at the I.C.A. and also at an exhibition at the Hanover Gallery) he has swapped the associations of oil paint for those of photography. There is no scale in a photographic reproduction. The mere look of the print, its surface, its colour, makes us wonder about the original object whose pattern is here reproduced. How big was it? What colour was it? Above all, what was it made of? Pasmore abets the process in its mystery-making, for while certain of the wonderfully drawn shapes are of recognisable

material, others are rubbed with charcoal or crayon so that the imagined surface of the original and the actual surface of the photostat become confluent.

I do not mean that the Froy and the Pasmore are similar kinds of painting according to the established canons of style. Obviously they are not. What is so interesting is that they present an analogous series of problems. Froy's painting results in an image of a woman: Pasmore's, only in itself. Yet one stands in a similar imaginative relationship to each work.

Two other paintings now on view suggest that stylistic distinctions no longer determine a painter's position. Victor Willing's 'Man Watching' at the I.C.A., makes hay of style. Impressionism, aspects of Goya and Bacon, are manipulated with a self-conscious deliberation

that dares pastiche, yet none of the painting's devices obscure the astounding apparition of an American military policeman standing on a packing case in the sun.

At the Beaux Arts Gallery a painting of footballers by Diana Cumming is without outside references. Where could such a picture come from, one wonders, assuming that every picture has some sort of pedigree? Players are frozen in collision, spectators hold their breath, bite their lips. Locally the paint is hideous

and without history. It is so in the way that one's neighbour's face seen close in a tube is hideous: not because it is ugly, but because it is so close, so intensely real. Another remarkable picture at the Beaux Arts is a nude by Reyberolle.

When Mary Cassatt was alive her manner alone must have been impressive. Now it militates against her. Number 6 in the exhibition at the Marlborough gallery is almost unapproachable, so strongly does its manner remind one of the cover of a not-so-fashionable woman's magazine. The most thoughtful and serious picture here, 'La Famille', is curiously pre-Raphaelite: the same insensitive colour, the same concentration of sentiment. It is the last quality, perhaps, which explains Cassatt's failure as a painter. The fact that it was, say, a child which she was drawing took the edge off her glance. She was not capable of those great impartial gestures of co-ordination which made Degas such a composer of the everyday. Hence in this picture the doubtful relationships round the figures: the mother's head which seems to be behind the sunlit grass in the background, and the cross-purposes of the flat movement of path and chair-back, and its highly modelled foil, the girl's arm on the left. The visitor to the Marlborough gallery must not fail to look at an incomparable early Monet (reproduced on this page) which is hanging upstairs. It is of the coast near Havre.

At the Adams Gallery, besides the astonishing Lautrec of huntsmen, done in his teens, there is a Pissarro, 'Paysanne assise et Enfant', dated 1881. Look at the mother's face, exactly the same tone as the grass, but brick-red where it is green, hot with the same warmth that warms the grass. Look at the child, scrubbed in rather briefly, its smallness and its movements dissolving it into the grass so that it appears to be every-



'Vue de la Côte au Havre' (1865), by Claude Monet, now being shown at the Marlborough Fine Art gallery

The Queen's Generation—IV

Unacknowledged Legislators

By JAMES KIRKUP

I RECENTLY gave up a most unusual job—in fact, the only job of its kind in Great Britain. From 1950 to 1952 I held a Gregory Fellowship at the University of Leeds. Nothing very unusual in that, you may say. But the unusual thing about this post was that I was allowed to do just what I liked, which in my case is the writing of poetry. There are three Fellowships at Leeds—one in painting, one in sculpture, one in poetry, and they were created by a private individual, Mr. Peter Gregory, so that artists and writers might have a chance to devote themselves entirely to their own medium without worrying where the next meal was coming from. For two years I was a kind of 'poet in residence'. This sort of post has long been an accepted feature of university life in America, but in Britain it is something entirely new.

It was a job that had no strings attached, except that I had to live in Leeds during term-time; otherwise I was as free as the air. I was able to carry on with my own work, and there was no obligation to lecture or teach. Occasionally I gave advice about writing to students who were interested in poetry, and I gave one or two lectures. I also helped to organise readings and discussions. But I wanted to keep my work away from lecture-rooms and textbooks, so my meetings with students were always informal: we used to gather in the Union bar or in a cafeteria. Most of our time was spent gossiping about sport and lectures and examinations and the productions of the very lively amateur theatre group, for which I wrote a play. But we also talked about poetry. Not all the people interested in it belonged to the English Literature Department. Medicine, engineering, textiles, mining, and anthropology all had their enthusiasts. I tried to help them as much as I could with the technical difficulties of writing, but, for the most part, I made them seek for their own solutions, because the growing writer needs to work out his own methods of composition, and to develop confidence in his own judgment.

There was a university magazine, edited by students, and I used to contribute to this—mainly pieces about the grim but curiously impressive city of Leeds and about the magnificent country round it. I hoped to show the students that subjects for poetry exist everywhere, and that although we could not afford to explore the Continent for fresh scenes and experiences, we could always begin by finding the material for our writing in the things we encountered in our daily life. We wrote about the people we met, about the streets and markets and buildings of Leeds, about its parks and factories and the pictures in its art galleries. We learned to make the best of the material at hand, and to observe exactly, finding that even in the most ordinary and familiar scene there is always something new, unpredictable, and exciting.

Surgical Work of Art

It was at this time that I had a wonderful opportunity to make a poem out of the most unexpected material. I was privileged to watch a surgeon perform a heart operation—a rare one called a Mitral Stenosis Valvulotomy. I had never witnessed an operation before, and the prospect filled me with alarm. Subsequently I was glad that I accepted this invitation to watch a great modern surgeon at work. But I felt far from happy then, on that afternoon in May 1951, when I entered the hospital just before two o'clock. I waited outside the operating theatre. Inside, already anaesthetised, the patient was waiting, too. The surgeon arrived, and I was fitted out with white trousers, coat, cap, and mask. He had already explained to me the nature of the operation—his forefinger was to be gently inserted into the patient's heart, into one of the valves, which had become contracted. By doing this he hoped to widen the valve to its normal size again, and to relieve the constriction. He had a small wooden bench brought to the side of the operating-table and told me to stand on it so that I could see everything he did. I was literally at his elbow during the whole operation. Another surgeon stood at my side on the bench, just in case I felt faint and wanted to leave suddenly. I *did* feel faint, and by now I was sweating under the heat of the arc-lamps. I got on to the bench, took a deep breath, and looked around me from behind my white mask.

Apart from myself and the surgeon stationed at my side, the only other witnesses of the operation were another surgeon and two medical students. There was a team of about twelve nurses and assistants helping to perform the operation. The first thing I noticed was how eloquent everyone's eyes had become; they were the only part of our faces that was visible. The hands, too, in their dark rubber gloves, were strangely expressive. The patient lay on her side with her head inside a kind of small green tent, and the whole of her body, except for a small region round the ribs, was covered with green cloths. The operation started, and I was at once enthralled: my faintness and fright suddenly vanished as I observed this extraordinary performance. It was as impressive and exciting as a work of art. I was fascinated by the timing and precision of every action, and at the same time touched by the delicacy and humanity of the whole thing. The first, long, elegant stroke of the surgeon's knife is an unforgettable moment:

A garland of flowers unfurls across the painted flesh.
With quick precision the arterial forceps click.
Yellow threads are knotted with a simple flourish.
Transfused, the blood preserves its rose, though it is sick.

Meters record the blood, measure heart-beats, control the breath.
Hieratic gesture: scalpel bares a creamy rib; with pincer knives
The bone quietly is clipped and, lifted out . . .

At this point a lung is revealed, calmly breathing in and out. Next the lung is held to one side by two instruments that look like egg-beaters, and the heart itself appears, silently beating. Then the surgeon, after making an injection into the cardiac nerve, has to slit the thin skin, called the pericardium, which covers the heart.

At this point I became intensely aware of the brief descriptive phrases uttered by the surgeon and his assistants:

. . . Could we have fresh towels to cover
All these adventitious ones. Now can you all see?
When I put my finger inside the valve, there may be a lot
Of blood, and it may come with quite a bang. But I let it flow,
In case there are any clots, to give the heart a good clean-out.

To me, these casual expressions, like the remarks heard in a dream, seemed to have an unforgettable force, and a dramatic intensity that was almost unbearably moving. I had no notebook, but remembered every word that was spoken, even to the name of the anaesthetist, which was 'Doug'. That, too, seemed terribly important.

The climax of the operation had been reached:

. . . Now. I am putting my finger in the opening of the valve.
I can only get the tip of my finger in.—It's gradually
Giving way—I'm inside.—No clots.—I can feel the valve
Breathing freely now around my finger, and the heart working.

The operation was over. It had been a success:

We find we breathe again, and hear the surgeon hum.
Outside, in the street, a car starts up. The heart regularly
Thunders . . .

Outside, I took off my white clothes, and laid away my mask, and went out into the summer city of Leeds again, into another world where I found with a shock that it was half-past five. I thought all that evening about what I had seen, and all through the night, too. At first, I imagined that it would be an ideal subject for a modern ballet. But towards morning I found myself writing out the first draft of a poem. Then, for the next two weeks, I wrote it out again and again, making alterations and improvements, until it stood almost in the form it has now, with its final title: 'A Correct Compassion'.*

I have described this experience to you in detail because it demonstrates, on a large scale, the sort of thing that might go on in our minds if we were writing a poem. First, intense excitement; second, cool observation which is also an eager participation in what we are observing; and, finally, the long, painful labour of putting it all into the right words, in the right way. We all of us know that kind of excitement, but most of us do not reach the point where we know we

shall have no peace of mind until we get it down in writing. Yet that is how I work, that is my job. It is not the sort of work I would have chosen to do: it all happened almost without my being aware of it.

I remember that as a child I wanted to be a great film star, then a ventriloquist, an actor, an explorer, and a musician. None of these ambitions was realised. Then one evening I suddenly wrote a long piece of blank verse, and I decided to be a poet. It had so many advantages: I needed no expensive equipment, no private lessons, and I could do it sitting down. At first I found it ridiculously easy. I wrote a lot, and thought it was very good indeed. I discovered my first 'modern' poet—Edith Sitwell. After Wordsworth, Blake, Shelley, and Rupert Brooke, her poems were like a gay and noisy fairground. I tried to imitate her, but I only managed to produce work that was clumsy and meaningless. I was revolted, too, by its obscurity, and resolved that I should work to make my poems simple and clear. In spite of this decision, my work became increasingly muddled. I was beginning to discover how difficult it is to be easy. But I wanted, more than anything else, to communicate through poetry with my fellow-men, and I wanted them to understand what I was saying.

I am still learning how to do that. As I go on, I find that the more

I write the more difficult it becomes. For poetry is not an exact science. It is only rarely that we can be sure of having come near to perfection. Our emotions are so much involved. Though we try to 'cast a cold eye on life, on death', we can never be completely detached. Yet an ever greater detachment is, I believe, necessary, if we are to achieve that common speech, that directness of voice that will be understood easily and gladly. Our private emotions are not the only themes for poetry. We are seeking out new forms of experience and new ways of expressing them, writing about the landscape-map of Europe seen from a Comet air-liner as readily as we write about love. We, too, shall descend to the bottom of the sea, crash the sound-barrier, accompany explorers on their expeditions, or voyage into space, and in our writing bring these new adventures to everyone. Shelley said that poets were the unacknowledged legislators of the world. By 'legislators' I do not understand him to mean law-makers in the ordinary sense. I understand the poet as a spokesman of conscience, as one who remembers the heart of things, the patterns and rhythms of earth and nature, and all the indescribable mysteries of life, all those things that are beyond science and which our poets have come most near to understanding.

—Home Service

The Art of Writing History

A. J. P. TAYLOR on Macaulay and Carlyle

CRITICS used to have a trick, now rather gone out, of matching off two contemporary authors like prize-fighters in a ring. Dickens and Thackeray, Fielding and Richardson, Meredith and Hardy—there was really not much sense in it. These contrasted pairs did not demonstrate anything, except that it takes all sorts to make a world, especially the world of literature. They are a warning against taking any writer, however great, as typical of his age; there is always someone equally great who is his exact opposite.

So if, here, I discuss two great nineteenth-century historians, I do not claim that they were typical of the Victorian age; still less that they were typical historians. There has never been another historian quite like Macaulay. And there has never been a historian at all like Carlyle. I bring them together solely because the accident of publishing has produced an anthology of each. Oddly enough, Mr. G. M. Young, a Conservative—perhaps he would like to be called a Tory—has edited the anthology of the Whig Macaulay*; and Macaulay's great-nephew, Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, has chosen the Carlyle†. Both anthologies are designed to read for the great works from which they are drawn; and I, too, have no other object. Dr. Trevelyan says well: 'Poetry can be sipped like wine, but history is best taken in gulps like beer'. I would add: when you have tried the bottled beer of these two books, get in a barrel. Macaulay's *History of England* and Carlyle's *French Revolution* are among the greatest works of history written in English. In fact, there are only two other histories which can be set beside them for literary and intellectual pleasure; it is not difficult to guess the one, though it is unlikely that you will guess the other.

Though Macaulay and Carlyle were both great historians, they were not only historians, indeed not even primarily historians. The other sides of their life shaped their work and gave to each its unique character. Macaulay belonged from his earliest years to the great world of politics. He spoke in the parliamentary debates on the great Reform Bill; drafted the Indian legal code; and sat in two Whig cabinets. He came to history as a journalist writing essays for the quarterly reviews. I do not mean that he knew little history—many journalists know a great deal of history, and Macaulay's mind was stocked with historical information in a way without parallel. But his subjects were dictated to him by the books that he had to review. He took up a theme; made up his mind about it; and wrote down his ideas fast, in time to catch the press. He had not time to hesitate; and there has never been a historian who doubted so little. Politics reinforced the same habit. In politics there can be only two answers—Yes or No, For or Against. It is the supreme virtue of our parliamentary system that it allows only two sides—government and opposition; and Macaulay was an emphatic practitioner of this system. The complexity of history is very different. Time and again the evidence does not allow us to make a firm

conclusion; and even when it does, we still cannot say that one side was right and the other wrong. Indeed, we cannot even say that there were simply two sides. Parties and sects shade into each other; and the historian who is trying to recapture the past must often leave his reader with an impression of muddle and confusion.

Macaulay never did this. He was always cocksure. He was never in any doubt what had happened, or which side was in the right. His characters are always drawn in black and white, the good very good, the bad very bad. Those who are not bad but whom Macaulay does not like always turn out to be very silly. James II and those who supported him were villains; William III and the Whigs were enlightened statesmen who could do no wrong. This is, to say the least, a very simple view of human nature. But then Macaulay had a very simple outlook. He thought that the England in which he lived—the England of the Reform Bill and the Industrial Revolution—was as nearly perfect as a society could be; and therefore he found no difficulty in judging the past. The people and events that had helped to produce early Victorian England were in the right of it; they were Progress. Everyone else had gone off the rails. This view, the 'Whig view'—that all our history was working up to a sensible liberal constitutionalism—comes in for a good deal of criticism nowadays; and it is suggested that Macaulay and other Whig historians only picked out the bits of history that suited their doctrine. As a matter of fact, all historians do that; and the most dangerous historians are the ones who do not realise how selective they are being.

But I am not sure that Macaulay and the Whig view of history were all that mistaken. He thought that the British constitution was a unique display of political genius. But wasn't it? Is there any parallel in the history of the world for the way in which we have carried through a political and social revolution peacefully during the past 120 years? George Orwell once pointed out that in this country we do not kill each other. Is there any other great community where that has ever been true? Those who criticise Macaulay take freedom and toleration too lightly. Either they do not care about liberty; or they think that it will take care of itself. Macaulay was a good deal more sensible than that. Not only did he regard liberty as supremely important; he knew that it needs a lot of defending. The Glorious Revolution of 1688 was the start of a long and difficult political development; that is why Macaulay chose to write about it. In recent years we have had a number of books on the eighteenth century which seem to assume that profit and jobbery were the only thing that the Whigs cared about. They certainly cared about them a great deal; but I think they also cared about parliamentary rights and the liberty of the subject. The proof of it is that the heirs of these corrupt eighteenth-century Whigs—Charles James Fox and Lord John Russell—were the very men who cleared the way for

* Lord Macaulay: *Prose and Poetry*. Hart-Davis, 26s.

† Carlyle: *an Anthology*. Longmans Green, 16s.

our modern democracy. Without them we should not be free today. To invoke the name of the only living historian who can be mentioned in the same breath with Macaulay, I would say that the Namier view of English history makes sense only if you remember that the Macaulay view lies behind it and makes it possible.

It is not only the Macaulay view which made him a great historian. Plenty of other people had that. In fact, he accepted it without much questioning from the Whig society in which he grew up. Macaulay's unrivalled gift as a historian was his power of narration. No one ever told a story better; and he could pack it with all sorts of details and allusion, which made it more effective without wearying the reader. Tastes have changed. Now we want analysis, not narration—what made things happen, not just the record of events. You can see it even in our attitude to what goes on from day to day. We give a quick glance at the headlines; then we turn to the centre of the paper to discover what is behind them. The big figures of journalism are commentators, not reporters. And the historian, too, is expected to give us 'the low-down'. Macaulay does not. It never occurred to him that it was necessary. When he recorded the great struggle of the Glorious Revolution and the Protestant succession, he did not analyse the motives of his characters. He assumed that there were men who favoured liberty on the one side and men who supported tyranny on the other. One was right, the other wrong; and there was no more to be said.

Religion Ignored

Perhaps that is why you never feel that Macaulay is inside his characters. Indeed, he had no interest in them except as actors on the political stage. He ignored religion. This is extraordinary when you reflect that the great struggle of the seventeenth century was as much a conflict between Anglicanism and Dissent and between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism as it was between monarchy and parliament. It never crossed Macaulay's mind that any intelligent, or even any honest, man could be a Roman Catholic; therefore he regarded James II as simply stupid and wicked. And he imagined that toleration was established simply because men became indifferent to religion—a view which, of course, some of the great Whigs shared. Nor did he enquire into the social and economic background of his characters—except occasionally to point out that the Tories were very ignorant. You would not be aware from Macaulay's *History* that the great Whigs were also great landowners; and yet surely it makes considerable difference to a man when he owns thousands of acres. Certainly Macaulay tried to show how people lived, as well as what they did. The third chapter of his *History* is the most brilliant and entertaining picture ever drawn of life in a past age. But for Macaulay, as for G. M. Trevelyan, his great-nephew, social history is 'history with the politics left out'—agreeable anecdotes, not the essential foundation which gives the shape to everything else. It is an odd view that the way you make your money or the size of your family does not matter politically, and equally odd that a seat in parliament is of no social importance.

It takes all sorts to make a world, all sorts of historians as of everyone else; and it does not detract from Macaulay's greatness to say that what he did incomparably was to write the political history of the governing class. But it does enable us to point the contrast with Carlyle. At every point he was Macaulay's opposite. Macaulay had a conventional education: Cambridge, the bar, social life at Holland House. Carlyle had no education at all: he made himself from start to last. He stood outside the tradition of English life—the son of an artisan from the Lowlands of Scotland. Though he lived all his life in London and moved in aristocratic society, he never lost his dislike of the one or his contempt for the other. And in time this became dislike and contempt for himself. Macaulay is a supreme example of a man reaching happiness by succeeding in the things that he himself admires—great in politics, great in literature, great in elaborating the Whig view of history. Carlyle spent his life in denouncing all the things that he himself did well. He despised writers, particularly of long books; and no one wrote longer. He admired Toil, honest work. He did none. He never handled a spade; he was not horny-handed. He preached the virtues of a humble, obscure existence, far from towns and factory-chimneys. He won wealth and fame by writing successful books for rich industrialists. This exasperated him. The rage that blows through his books is rage against himself; the hero that he wanted to worship was his own opposite—silent, imperturbable, a man of action; and his praise of force was a protest

against his own impotence—his social impotence, not the unsatisfactory physical relations with his wife, into which everyone enquires so eagerly nowadays.

The conflict made Carlyle an unhappy man; but it made him a revolutionary writer. He had a revolutionary style, unlike anything else in English, though effective in the highest degree. His simplest sentence breathes the hurricane. Macaulay wanted to 'supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies'; and his great work is, I am afraid, drawing-room history. Though the violence is there, it is remote and controlled, safely outside us, like the sounds, even *fortissimo*, on a gramophone record. With Carlyle it is different. You do not read his books; you experience them, and what you experience is the gale of the world. There has never been a writer with such power. You may detest his tricks; you may try to hold out against him. But there is no denying the mesmerism. Carlyle was a nihilist, a destroyer, despite his doctrine of toil and the heroic virtues. Like the Hebrew prophets he preached woe. He announced quite simply the end of the world. He once found a perfect subject, the French Revolution. That really was the end of a world; and Carlyle wrote of it like a man possessed. Reading it again the other day, I thought: this is the most wonderful book ever written. There is very little narration; a great many inaccuracies; none of that simplifying that we expect from the ordinary historian. In fact, after reading Carlyle, you probably find the Revolution more bewildering than before. No matter, you can also say of the French Revolution 'I was there'. You have lived through it. There is no other work of history which makes the same impression.

But it needed the end of a world to find a use for Carlyle's gifts. There is nothing more overwhelming than the prophet who comes off; but also nothing sillier than the prophet who does not. And for most of the time Carlyle did not come off. The world he lived in, the world of Victorian England, was not coming to an end. It was not being ruined by democracy and materialism. On the contrary, it was becoming more sensible, more tolerant, a better place to live in—and no thanks to Carlyle. He did his best to blacken all the noblest men of his time. He dismissed Chartism—the greatest movement for political rights in our history—as merely 'a bread-and-butter question'. He wanted Negroes to be flogged and the House of Commons closed—by Sir Garnet Wolseley, of all men. The Victorians liked being railed at; and Carlyle's writings gave them an agreeable shiver. But in so far as he had any practical influence, it was wholly bad.

Touchstone of Liberty

Carlyle was a seer and a visionary, an iconoclast and a revolutionary. He saw through pretences, weighed everything anew. Macaulay was a man of commonplace mind, complacent, ordinary in everything except in his knowledge and his gift for writing. In his political thought he merely repeated the prejudices of his day. Yet Macaulay judged more wisely than Carlyle—had a better scale of values in the present, looked more accurately into the future. Though I regret this conclusion, I do not find it surprising. Opinions are not always wrong simply because they are held by a great many people; and the English people of the nineteenth century were right when they believed that they had discovered a unique secret of political existence. This secret was not democracy; it was liberty. Macaulay made liberty the theme of all his writing and looked forward to a time when everybody would care for it as he and his friends at Holland House did. Carlyle regarded liberty as merely an aristocratic fad, which would be blown away when the people came into their own. For, though he wanted a hero or dictator, it was to be a dictator based on the popular will. His ideal was put into practice in the twentieth century; and it turned out to be Hitler.

The key to both men was given by another great Victorian, Gladstone, when he said at the end of his life: 'I was brought up to fear and detest liberty; I came to love it. That is the secret of my whole career'. It is indeed the touchstone of every man's career, so long as society exists at all. Do you respect the judgments of others as much as your own? Or are you so confident of your own judgment that you want to trample that of everyone else under foot? Macaulay gave the answer for liberty: Carlyle for tyranny. Yet the worse cause had the better advocate. While Macaulay established a school to which many historians still belong, there has never been another historian who wrote like Carlyle. And there never will be.—*Third Programme*

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Documents on German Foreign Policy, 1918-45. Series D. Vol. V. Stationery Office. 25s.

THIS, IF THE PHRASE be not disrespectful, is a volume of leavings. The period covered is that from June 1937 to March 1939, and the editors have already published the documents of that period which deal with Germany's relations with the Great Powers, the Far East, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. We have here what is left over: Poland, South-Eastern Europe, the Baltic, Scandinavia, the smaller states of western Europe and Switzerland, Turkey, the Near East, Latin America, and the Jewish question; all in so far as they were not already covered in earlier volumes.

Obviously, this last qualification applies in very different measure to the various chapters, the coherence of which in most cases varies in inverse proportion to their proximity to the main stream of events, such coherence usually bringing with it a proportionate lack of interest. Most of the Latin American material is relatively small beer, although it gives an interesting picture of the difficulties with which Germany's local representatives had to struggle in view of the hostility with which Germany was widely regarded. The reports, both from Latin America and from other countries, are always very frank on this subject, and usually give appreciations of local situations which are both unbiased and penetrating. The Wilhelmstrasse could not complain; except in rare instances that it was misled by its diplomats.

The main themes of the chapters on Scandinavia and western Europe, a few local questions such as that of Schleswig apart, consists of Germany's efforts to hasten the flight of the countries concerned from the League of Nations and the collective security system. The documents here fill in a few minor gaps, but little of the new material which they bring appears to be very sensational. Turkey appears as anxious to get help from Germany for her rearmament, but extremely cagey where politics are concerned and unwilling to conclude a pact of neutrality, while affirming her intention of remaining neutral in a crisis. The Germans do not seem to have been very active here, in distinction to their conduct in the Near East, where the documents show them engaged in highly active and interesting negotiations with various personalities in the Arab world, especially King Ibn Saud. Some of this material (Documents 576, 582ff.) are among the most intriguing in the whole volume.

All the other chapters suffer more or less severely under the editorial arrangement which has treated as separate subjects, often in different volumes, what are in reality closely interwoven threads in a single skein. The chapter on Memel, indeed, scores by the arrangement; since in it are included most of the German-Polish negotiations on the subject which are far more important than the direct German-Lithuanian. But the Polish chapter suffers grievously from the absence of these same documents and, to lesser extent, of those relating to the Czechoslovak crisis. The documents relating to Yugoslavia, Hungary and Rumania are with very few exceptions a mere overflow from the Austrian and Czechoslovak series, and it is often not easy to understand on what grounds the material was allocated between the earlier and later volumes. Any reader wishing to understand the subject must have all three volumes open in front of him and waste his time referring from one to another. The editorial work, too, seems a little

careless. Why should the first reference to the *Documents Secrets* published by the Russians occur in a footnote to Document 178, when No. 149 was already reproduced in this series? And why should the footnote to Document 175 not have been attached to Document 167?

Nevertheless, these chapters contain a very great deal of material which is of the highest interest. Nowhere have the Germans' tactics in dealing with small countries been exposed so revealingly, out of their own mouths, as in the last documents of the Memel series. Those on Rumania, including King Carol's interview with Hitler (No. 254), give a most interesting picture of Rumania's drift towards Germany, and one which differs in marked respects from that presented by one or two earlier writers. We find here (Documents 310, 311) the German suggestion of taking up the Croat cause which so frightened and angered Mussolini in March 1939, and much of interest relating to both Hungary and Bulgaria.

In most cases the documents fill in gaps or slightly alter emphasis, rather than compel a general revaluation of the policy, either of Germany or of the countries with which she was dealing, but they are extremely valuable for all that, and every historian either of Germany or of central Europe will have to make himself familiar with them.

Personal Remarks. By L. A. G. Strong. Peter Nevill. 15s.

There is no volume which a critic approaches with more caution than a collection of essays and lectures by a fellow critic. This is partly due to envy. 'If only I took the trouble to keep my carbon copies', thinks the critic, 'and could find a complaisant publisher, I could make a dozen volumes like this one'. And that usually is the case. Literary journalism, for the most part, doesn't stand the test of time. Even essays, each carefully planned, produce when gathered together a sense of bewilderment. The gaps between one subject and another appear more significant than the essays themselves.

Mr. Strong's *Personal Remarks* is a most pleasing exception to this general rule. His essays, diverse though they are, combine to give the reader an interesting portrait of the author's mind, while individually they contain a great deal of excellent criticism. He is an Irishman and it is proper that his first essay should be a long and thoughtful one on W. B. Yeats, that multifarious personality to whom no Irish writer could be indifferent. With Yeats, Mr. Strong can be both tough and tender: the reputation can stand up to manhandling. With Synge, Francis Synge Mahony, Padraic Colum and Seumas O'Sullivan, he is gentle and persuasive, trying to win the reader over to an appreciation which he feels is needed—a function neglected by critics who find satisfaction for their neuroses in polemics, but none the less valuable. In his essay on Elizabeth Bowen, an author he regards as at the very opposite pole to himself creatively, he responds brilliantly to the challenge. His analysis of the treatment of light (Irish light, need it be said?) by Miss Bowen is one of the most perceptive things written about that author.

What emerges from this book is that Mr. Strong loves both life and letters for their own sakes. In an aside, he may remark where he thinks an author's weakness lies (Synge, for example, really being only a one-act playwright), but he is far more concerned with discovering first what an author is trying to do than with flaying him for not doing something different.

His lecture on *David Copperfield*, that stand-by in any English lecturer's repertory, is exciting and very fresh.

Perhaps the most touching of all the essays, to this reviewer, is one on Charles Garvice, the ex-Guards officer who made a fortune writing novelettes for the servants' parlour. At the age of eight, this reviewer lived in Garvice's house and discovered one of his secrets of success. On the top of one novel another had been written, changing the names and the order of the pages. Ford Maddox Ford was to reveal another—perhaps, like so many of Ford's revelations, apocryphal. Ford said that Garvice took over a secretary whom Ford himself had employed and gave her fifty pounds to go into the country to write a novel for him. Out of curiosity, Ford read the book when it was published, and when he next met Garvice, he said, 'How many did it sell?' 'Only six hundred'. 'Six hundred?' 'Thousand, of course'. 'What I couldn't understand', said Ford, 'was why you, a Guardsman, allowed the hero to be promoted from colonel to major. I'm even surprised she made a mistake like that'. 'Oh but she didn't', answered Garvice, 'I put that in. My public doesn't know anything about the army, but they do vaguely know that major means greater, so if a soldier is promoted he must become a major'. 'Well why didn't the heroine get prosecuted for bigamy when she married the Earl after marrying the major without getting a divorce?' 'Of course she got a divorce', Garvice answered, 'but I left it out because my public doesn't like reading about such things'.

New Poems 1953: a P.E.N. Anthology.

Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.

Since Dylan Thomas burst upon the scene, one has been in the habit of picking up anthologies of new poetry on the look out for a second meteoric performer, a fresh personality with unmistakable and gorgeous mannerisms, whom one will be able to recognise at once. To pick up *New Poems 1953* like this is to court disappointment; but that is one's own fault for having fixed anticipations. It is true that the younger poets, who have been given an especially generous amount of space, have no figure among them. It is true that some of the middle-aged poets are represented by work which has such liveliness and relevance that it is hard to get out of the habit, acquired in the 'thirties, of regarding them as the young hopefuls. But there is no need to go to the other extreme out of disappointment and call the young poets poor poets. Quite the reverse. Among the mess and lava of *Poetry London* fifteen years ago there may have been more greatness embedded, but there was less talent. The poetry in the second half of this anthology is, by and large, craftsmanlike, neat, interesting, graceful and free from discipular mimicry. The editors, who have done a good job, have included very few poems which do not deserve attention. But the very dapperness of the new poets, their uniform poise, the impression they give that they have left gauche-ness far behind but will soon have nowhere to move forward to, suggests a position at the top of the second class as their limit.

Anyway, better a number of reliably enjoyable poets than a hubbub of failed geniuses. By all the signs post-war poetry is moving into an Augustan phase and the best poets (bar the genius whom one leaves out of calculation) will be those who accept the Zeitgeist. The least successful poets in this anthology are those writing at a pitch above their own real feelings,

who don't allow their language to be as comfortable as it seems to want to be. Their style is nicely summed up in a verse by Kingsley Amis (an excellent poet to judge by his one poem):

Half shut, our eye dawdles down the page,
Seeing the word love, the word death, the word
life,
Rhyme-words of poets in a silver age:
Silver of the bauble, not of the knife.

Augustan poetry is not afraid of the minor feelings. It is its virtue that it finds them a voice. And it is interesting to see how many of the best poets here are swinging unconsciously towards themes which romantic criticism would call trivial. We find classical mythology re-handled, topographical poems, poems written about a piece of music, poems about pictures, poems about other poets, even a charm against toothache, if that could be called trivial.

Of the established names, it is good to see George Barker represented by 'Channel Crossing', a magnificent poem, which it is highly culpable of the editors to print with one line missing. Auden and Graves perform with casual, almost sleep-walking brilliance. They, who were among the first to cultivate nonchalance and did so much to get the minor key accepted in high quarters, stand as godfathers to the most satisfying poetry of the younger contributors—G. S. Fraser, John Hewitt, Jon Manchip White, W. S. Merwin, David Wright and Kingsley Amis, to mention those who help most to make *New Poems 1953* an excellent purchase.

Shakespeare. By Henri Fluchère.

Longmans. 25s.

Shakespeare, His World and His Work
By M. M. Reese. Arnold. 35s.

M. Fluchère's book is a translation of his *Shakespeare: Dramaturge élisabéthain*, which appeared five years ago. Based on lectures delivered in France during the German occupation, it has among its primary objects that of justifying Shakespeare's art to an audience brought up to regard him as a genius perhaps, but an abnormal, irregular genius who, if he pleases at all, pleases in defiance of their cherished canons of dramatic art. The opening chapters are designed to make French students familiar with the background of life and thought that provided the stuff and substance of Elizabethan drama; but M. Fluchère's lucid historical survey is as fresh and interesting for English as for French readers. In particular his account of the influence of Seneca and Machiavelli on the tragedy of the period stands out for its penetration and balance. His foundations laid, he proceeds to a detailed analysis of Shakespeare's dramatic and poetic technique, and of the constants of thought that underlie and interconnect his plays, and it is here that his most sensitive criticism is to be found.

Criticism for M. Fluchère is no mere cataloguing of verbal felicities and emotional effects, nor is he content to accept the commonplaces of Shakespearean criticism without searching scrutiny. He will have none of that criticism which isolates separate aspects of Shakespeare's art for exhaustive study; for 'only a partial and imperfect understanding can result if we relegate to the background the obvious fact that each play presents itself as a *dramatic poem*, the component parts of which all contribute to the general impression and total effect'. He himself always relates individual excellences to the spirit or form of the play as a whole, or to the plays as a whole, and he draws some valuable comparisons between Shakespeare's technique and that of his English contemporaries and of the masters of the French classical drama. He is at his best in summing up the dominant tone or theme of individual plays, especially of 'Antony

and Cleopatra' and the plays that followed it; and it would be difficult not to accept his conclusion that all of Shakespeare's plays have in common a 'haunting sense of order and equilibrium which can only be attained by crushing the forces of evil and by the triumph of good'. Not all of M. Fluchère's judgments will commend themselves to all his readers: for instance, his unqualified assertion that 'Donne is as great a poet as Shakespeare', or his subscription to the belief that Shakespeare's so-called 'dark plays' are the product of an intense personal disillusionment. In general, however, he develops his theses clearly and persuasively, and any one who is interested in Shakespeare will find his book both refreshing and illuminating.

Shakespeare the man and his 'mystery' are not M. Fluchère's concern; they are Mr. Reese's chief preoccupation. *Shakespeare, His World and His Work*: the book is well named, for, though encyclopaedic in its range, it yet gives the impression that its author is completely at home in Elizabethan England, especially in the theatrical world of Elizabethan London, and his intimate acquaintance with the work of Shakespeare, both as poet and dramatist and as actor and 'sharer' in a dramatic company, is everywhere apparent. To say that his book is to a large degree a compilation, based on the researches of earlier scholars, is not to belittle it, for it is a compilation of scholarly discrimination, and wherever independent opinion is called for Mr. Reese is ready with a balanced judgment.

In a short review it is only possible to indicate generally the scope of this work. A reconstruction of the childhood that Shakespeare is likely to have had, as the son of a prosperous and prominent tradesman in a lively and progressive town like Stratford, is followed by a retrospect of the childhood of English drama. Then come the main sections: a comprehensive and well ordered account of every aspect of the Elizabethan theatre in its maturity, a long study of 'Shakespeare Personally', and a careful critique of his art. It may be felt that Mr. Reese is rash to attempt an estimate of Shakespeare's mind and personality and interests, that he might have learnt better from the follies of many predecessors. But he threads his way confidently through the labyrinth of traditions and theories, and is sparing and judicious in taking evidence from the plays, and the picture that emerges, though it necessarily lacks detail, has a more authentic air than any that has preceded it. He disposes once and for all of the time-honoured legend of the inspired bumpkin who wrote plays for a company of lawless ruffians to present before an ignorant and insensitive rabble. Mr. Reese writes lucidly and vigorously, and at times trenchantly, and it is safe to say that this is far the sanest and most readable book of its kind that has yet appeared.

Listen Comrades. By El Campesino

(Valentin Gonzalez). Heinemann. 15s.

The one characteristic, it seems, that the Soviet secret police and their employers cannot tolerate is independence. Any departure from total acquiescence, total acceptance is viewed by the M.V.D. as potential hostility; potential hostility can develop into conspiracy; conspiracy can undermine the regime; and so, with an inquisitorial logic, any criticism, any departure from the most fulsome adulation and unquestioning acceptance, must be watched for and immediately eradicated, even if it means destroying the critic by death, by life-long imprisonment, or by turning him into a zombie, by breaking him mentally. This last would seem to be the preferred course, and one apparently nearly always successful with Great Russians and other Slavs; it has its failures with people from Western Europe. The devices for breaking a man are remarkably simple, tor-

ture and actual physical violence are used very sparingly, though the feelings of powerlessness, which are presumably common to all prisoners, are enhanced with many cunning details. The great secret of the M.V.D. is the turning of physiological processes to torment: hunger and thirst, sleeplessness, muscular rigidity; continue these long enough, and most human beings will do or say anything to achieve surcease.

Sixteen years ago the name of El Campesino, the peasant general who defended Madrid from Franco, was world-famous. After the defeat of the Republicans he was given the red carpet treatment in Moscow, fêted and lionised and made a member of the Frunze Military Academy with high emoluments. It was there he fell from grace. At a routine examination he was asked which was the best army in the world, and blasphemously replied 'The German Army' (the proper answer was the Soviet army). He was dismissed and set to working on the Moscow subway, and then, when war came, he lived a remarkable outlaw existence chiefly in Siberia, escaped once across the Persian frontier, was betrayed and returned, and, after the most harrowing prison experiences, succeeded in escaping a second time. His book is one of the most remarkable, most readable, and most moving of the memoirs of Soviet escapees; the narrative gives the impression of a man of very great physical and mental strength, honesty and integrity, a man of great potential value: we are not told what he is doing now. His extraordinary story is so well translated by Elsa Barrea that it is difficult to realise that it was not written in English.

The Life and Work of Van Gogh

By Carl Nordenfalk. Elek. 30s.

The vast development of popular education during the last half century has produced amongst other things a kind of cultivated folklore, half mythological, half historical. Its heroes are usually those who have managed in some way or other to escape from the economic and spiritual cobweb of modern industrial society. Prominent amongst them are those French painters of the late nineteenth century, whose lives followed a 'romantic' pattern. For some decades Gauguin, with the able assistance of Mr. Somerset Maugham, led the field, but during the past ten years he has been easily outpaced by Vincent Van Gogh. Publishers and art dealers have been quick to realise the fact, and one of the most prominent features in a display of publishers' remainders is nearly always books of various kinds devoted to the works of the Dutch pastor's son.

It is to be hoped that the same fate will not overtake this latest addition to the series, for Mr. Nordenfalk's *The Life and Work of Van Gogh* gives us something that few of the others do, a reasonable, factual biography, as free from fancy trappings and imaginative detail as is possible in a work devoted to the life of a man who insisted upon becoming a legend. The purely aesthetic part of the book is uninspired; as an interpreter and analyst of Van Gogh's stylistic career Mr. Nordenfalk seldom touches inspiration, but that is more than compensated for by his careful, detailed account of the artist's life. The complicated emotional pattern of his relationship with Theo, the ambivalence of his attitude towards his father, the constant quest for self destruction: these aspects stand out with new clarity and make one regret that Mr. Nordenfalk has not adopted a more consistently psychological approach to the subject: his only flirtation with that method is in dealing with the problem of whether or not Van Gogh was actually 'mad'. Overcome by the Bohemianism, the spiritual success elements in the artist's life, one is apt to forget that he came from a dis-

tinctly artistic background, and that many of his relations were men of importance in the busy art market of Holland. There was a definite moment of 'conversion' when he turned

towards democracy and against his father, but there is a curious, and no doubt significant, resemblance to be detected between the face of the woman whom he 'redeemed' and that of

his father—or so it seems in his portraits of both of them. No finally definitive biography of Van Gogh has yet appeared, but Mr. Nordenfalk's comes nearer than any other.

New Novels

Materassi Sisters. By Aldo Palazzeschi. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

Mr. Twining and the God Pan. By Timothy Angus Jones. James Barrie. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Stimpson and Mr. Gorse. By Patrick Hamilton. Constable. 12s. 6d.

Hellebore the Clown. By Maurice Rowdon. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

COMEDY of the highest kind moves us to tears as much as to laughter. We travel along a sort of border-line between the two, moved, not as in tragedy, by the great, the noble, the mysterious, but by the very ordinariness of some human being, whose blundering, pathetic attempts to defend himself in life make us laugh—but then (when we suddenly realise we are looking at ourselves), cry. The first two novels under review here possess this rare quality.

Materassi Sisters was published in Italy twenty-one years ago and it comes to us today in translation. It is the story of two middle-aged spinsters living outside Florence, who have amassed a fortune by making elaborate underwear for the aristocracy. Embroidered drawers, lace knickers, 'lily' combinations—these garments cover the bosoms, backs, and bottoms of the countless Contessas, Contessinas, Marchesas, and Marchesinas who populate the cypress groves between Bellosguardo and Settignano. Very far from the Futurist Manifesto and the post-1945 'comedies' of Malaparte!—which is perhaps why some of our critics have called it 'old-fashioned'. And they are right. But in that case, 'so is Jane Austen old-fashioned, and Charlie Chaplin, and Falstaff and the Wife of Bath; so is any comedy where the humour is compassionate rather than contemptuous, and the characters belong to all times. These delightful pictures of spinsterdom are too permanent to be dated.

Always amused—but always sympathising—we watch their pathetic attempts to restore the fortunes of a family fallen somewhat beneath the level of lower-middle-class dignity. For years they slave twelve hours a day, embroidering, crocheting, cutting, sewing, until almost the entire Florentine aristocracy is clad in Materassi drawers and combinations—until the trade-mark Materassi on a garment is equivalent, in Tuscan terms, to that of, say, Berenson on a Cimabue. Then at this moment of triumph, when they are about to retire from business, and have been called to Rome to meet the Pope (whom they present with a suitable sample of their handiwork), along comes the Devil in the shape of their nephew, a plausible, likeable, profligate young man who runs through their fortunes and affections with the precocity and charm of Casanova. 'A male in the house!—that is what these poor women have been longing for, unconsciously, all their lives. Remo can do nothing wrong. They give him their all—bicycles, motor-cars, money for his girl-friends; he graduates to mistresses, countesses, and finally marries a wife, with whom he decamps to America. Our last view is of the sisters gazing sadly but fondly at his photograph (in the nude), penniless again, about to start work wearily on their ten thousand and twelfth pair of combinations.

I have conveyed little of the incidental delights of this minor masterpiece, which is a sort of garden of Boccaccio, where nothing matters that happens outside; the sparkling dialogue; the sporting Countess client, wearer of 'lily' combinations, whose only interests are, 'wrestling, fencing, boxing, swimming, rowing, kicking

and jumping'; nor of Niobe, most long-suffering of Italian maids, who 'bows her shoulders like a good donkey, knowing she is made for carrying burdens'. It is a superbly funny account of the female sex, in all its farmyard variety—into which erupts an impertinent and high-spirited bantam. The translation by Mr. Davidson is excellent, full of the flavour and wit of the Italian. (Readers should not be deterred by the Pathetic Fallacy in the first ten pages, where a traditional tribute is paid to the City of the Flower.)

Mr. Jones' book belongs to the same school as *Materassi Sisters*—comedy on the surface with underlying pathos. And he too deals with the spinster—but this time the male spinster, a special type of male spinster; the perennial prep-schoolmaster. His hero has been teaching Hillard and Botting, coaching cuts to leg, being respectable and respected for almost as long as he can remember, scurfy, balding, slightly morose—when suddenly the Devil takes him; or rather, the God Pan takes him, whips him off, to the French Riviera, muddles him up with millionaires, princes, nudists, Pernod, and 10,000-dollar swimming pools. He becomes tutor to a nymphomaniac, and falls in love with a nymph. What would the boys in the Lower Fifth say! But the boys in the Lower Fifth don't know, for Mr. Twining doesn't show up after the hols. The great God Pan has kidnapped him, made him fall in love—with Woman and the Sun of the south.

'In his man's world,' Mr. Jones tells us, 'he had known women only in Literature. Aristophanes had teased Greek ladies for their dowdy dress, Plato had confined them to the backstairs; and this fitted in well with Mr. Twining's own sparse observations. . . . Women until now had been to him like Matron, kindly hippopotami, convenient and clumsy, amply behipped, erupting useful organs in front which were wastefully large in proportion to their brief periods of use'. This is a continually comic book. The description of Mr. Twining's arrival on the *Ile du Levant* where, 'the common bond of nudity supplied the want of an introduction' is as funny as anything in Evelyn Waugh. But where Mr. Jones surpasses the satirist is that he makes us love his hero as much as laugh at him; if Mr. Twining is funnier than Mr. Chips he is also more lovable than Captain Grimes. This true-born Englishman, fully prejudiced against all other nations, whose Latin world has until now been bounded by Papinius Censor and Quintilian, and their commentaries on one another, learns to love the Provencal seascape, the Latin world, for itself, the *bistros* smelling of the sun and the *cafés* by a tideless shore. Any weakness in the plot is offset by the excellent writing.

Mr. Hamilton practises a harsher, less compassionate brand of humour in *Mr. Stimpson and Mr. Gorse*. He has picked on a set of people he loathes, and with pitiless satire he exposes their particular vice, snobbism. He is on sure ground here, for we English are a race of snobs and few of us, of whatever class, will fail to see something of ourselves in these

horrible people who live in Reading. He writes so that you can smell the inside of a public-house, hear the 'refained' conversation of its inmates, all of whom are engaged on the precarious adventure of social and economic advance (combined with what he calls 'subterranean lechery'), so that at the end we are left limp, saying, 'Are human beings really as nasty as all this? Is there not some good in everyone?'—but coming to the sad conclusion (so skilful is his writing) that there isn't.

His story shows a bogus 'ex-officer' called Gorse in competition with an estate-agent, Stimpson, for the favours of the 'Lady of Reading', another snob, boaster, and social-climber called Mrs. Plumleigh-Bruce, whom Gorse swindles largely because she believes he has the Military Cross and is a 'gentleman'. All these characters make us squirm as they play their complicated game of social chess. And here perhaps is the weakness. The picture is one-sided, the scales visibly tilted at the outset. Bad characters should condemn themselves by their actions as the narrative unfolds. When we are told by the author, in a long description on the third page, of Mrs. Plumleigh-Bruce, that she 'was beyond measure arrogant. She was rude to her servants, insensitive, vain, and a social snob. She talked about people who "did not come out of the top drawer." She talked about "Pukka Sahibs", "The Natives"'—when we are told all this, and much more, before the book starts (as we are of the other characters) our instinct is to sympathise with them. But I must confess that, so well does Mr. Hamilton present his case, I could not, I have never read about more unpleasant people.

The desire for social and economic advancement is the life-blood of our society, and it is all very well damning it—but what can you replace it by? A classless, snobless, masterless, workerless, colourless society is what Mr. Hamilton seems to suggest. And yet his attack is, in a sense, that of a snob himself. He observes these characters from above (not, as our first two authors do, from the side)—whether socially, morally, or intellectually above, I could not say. But it is from above. And when the reader is conscious of this, is he not conscious of snobbism in the author too? But then, Mr. Hamilton is not an Englishman for nothing.

After these three excellent comedies, it is difficult to work up much enthusiasm for Mr. Rowdon's *Hellebore, the Clown*. The title and publishers' note lead one to suppose it might have affinities with Mr. Twining and the Materassi ladies—laughter and tears. It is the story of a famous clown's 'come-back' after a period of depression caused by his son's death in the war. We are shown the great clown in a series of scenes, with lengthy, rather ponderous dialogue—drunk and mawkish in a night-club; preparing with his grease paint behind the scenes; finally his success, in spite of an evil genius, on the first night. The tale is well told and we are pleased at this success, but it awakes neither laughter nor tears. And what else should one ask of a clown?

ANTHONY RHO:ES

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Interview

A MAN HAD FLOWN to Paris in—how many minutes? Already one has forgotten: the pace at which speed records are obliterated now seems to be approaching the supersonic. Anyhow, 'good show'; and the next evening there he was on our screens, answering questions about the flight and his sensations with the slightly rakish understatement which, according to some foreign judges, has won for us the international record for hypocrisy. The personality of the pilot, Mike Lithgow, came over crisply in the interview with Berkeley Smith, and as a footnote to his achievement we saw in 'Newsreel', either that same evening or the one after, the frowning, upturned face of President Auriol of France as he listened to the scream of the sound-barrier breaker flying over his capital. The success of the interview rested largely on the efficiency of Berkeley Smith, who appears to divide his gifts still further between producing and commentating and who might gain the fuller reward they merit if he stuck firmly to one or the other. For some time I have seen him as Dimpleby's nearest rival. He seems to be in no hurry to assert himself in that role, which is a pity.

This interview drove home once again the lesson that spontaneity is the keynote of the most effective visual broadcasting and nothing that television can do in the way of studio contrivance more surely justifies its appeal to our attention. When it showed us the Everest conquerors within a few hours of their reaching this country it did more for its prestige than any number of other programmes one could name. People were heard talking about it: 'Did you see the Everest men on television last night?' Not only were they news; the interview with them on television was news also, though it was a ~~disputed~~ affair because Jack Longland read

out his questions, a clumsy if unavoidable device bound up probably with his having to do duty for sound radio at the same time. Even so, it was an event, demonstrating the power of television to exploit the topical with a spontaneity exceeding that of any other medium of communication.

A thoroughly satisfying technique for the television interview still eludes producers, though every style of posing has been tried except that of the practitioners of yoga. The only formula may be the simplest: sit the subject in a chair,



As seen by the viewer: the Royal Visit to Wales—schoolchildren in national dress who danced before the Queen at Cardiff; and part of the choir which sang for Her Majesty at Caernarvon

Photographs: John Cura

push the camera as close in to him as seems decent, and shoot. That is the American method, which permits no rehearsal, no briefing either, I believe: the victim swims or sinks and his struggles may make the programme. I have the impression that, mistrustfully, we tend to over-rehearse the interview. Incidentally, Joan Gilbert's recent interview with herself, on the eve of her disappearance from television for some months, produced her most accomplished performance, almost a triumph. Behind it I fancied that I caught sight of the elegant shadow of Cecil Madden, whose backroom inventiveness not only brought her into television prominence in the first place but has from time to time ably assisted in keeping her there.

After a dull week, apart from the sometimes moving scenes and sounds brought to us from Wales, the programme planners provided an

enterprisingly mixed bill on Friday evening: White City athletics; the telerecording of the Queen's visit to Caernarvon Castle; 'Press Conference' on the future of the Liberal Party; Gerald Moore on the finer and funnier points of piano accompanying; Mervyn Levy giving his first painting lesson in the new series which is to set us all doodling in search of our hidden selves. Here was richness, of a kind, spilling with lush abandon out of the cathode tube, an Arabian repast of titbits swimming in a luminous juice, testing not so much our mental digestions

as the kinetic power to switch from one subject to another. Between some of the items there was not time to take an assimilating breath. A little of the Third Programme's wilful casualness would be well advised for television, which in its own interest must avoid conveyor-belt methods.

The painting lesson series, conducted by a maestro who could stand on his head and still be recognised, so skilful are his hirsute arrangements, is a laudable idea based on the success of similar experiments in the afternoon 'Leisure and Pleasure' programmes. Mervyn Levy is a persuasive teacher who could break down the reluctance of the most stubborn housewife to part with her baking-tin for a palette. His voice is musical, his vocabulary suitably coloured, his smock convincing, and a beautiful line flows from his chalk. Not all artists are public benefactors, despite the conceits they may cherish. Here is one who can render the important service of enticing us away from our television sets to do something for ourselves instead of so slavishly watching others.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

At the Deep End

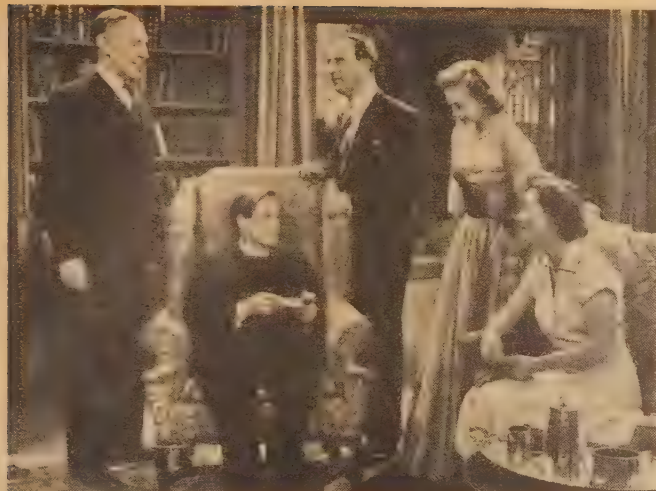
AS FEW WILL DISPUTE, if there is one thing funnier than pushing into a swimming-pool a fat old man dressed as your mother-in-law on



Gerald Moore in 'The Accompanist Speaks' on July 10



Mervyn Levy with Hélène Cordet in 'Painter's Progress' on July 10



'The White Sheep of the Family', with (left to right) Jack Hulbert as James Winter, Denys Blakelock as the Vicar, Sydney Tafler as Sam Jackson, Ursula Howells as Pat Winter, and Avice Landone as Mrs. Alice Winter



Scene from 'Anastasia' on July 12, with (left to right) Helen Haye as the Dowager Empress of Russia, Mary Kerridge as Anna Broun, and Anthony Ireland as Prince Bouine

a fine hot night in July, it is to push the same into a swimming pool round which the onlookers are as wet as, if not wetter than, those already immersed, and the surface of which is already lashed with the kind of rain novelists call 'pitiless'. How we laughed! Perhaps those at home, dry like myself, laughed less loudly than the mackintoshes beauties, bandsmen, and chorines gathered about the private pool in the gardens at Bexley of Miss Dorothy Squires.

Miss Squires, all should know, though I confess to some haziness about this, is a singer and has been in America; so what more natural than, parting the curtain of rain before a microphone, she should tell us how wonderful it was to be back, 'among you all and my family', with apologies for the weather? 'We do seem fated down here', she said (or was it *fêted*?) Either way true. Her singing interested me. Her voice, which is sweet and low, though inclined to be loud too, has—like the late Emmy Destinn's—a touch of a 'yowl' in it; also Miss Squires thickens her lower register in the manner now compulsory among the eighteen-stone contraltos of the Scala Theatre, Milan. It is not classical, this quasi-baritone production, but is now so general that one must suppose it is liked. Miss Squires, within inches of a microphone, sounded like the voice of Jupiter Tonans, who perhaps was not far off, to judge by the flapping at the back of the canvas temple near the deep-end. She sang two songs which were much applauded; one apparently about a *Doppelgänger* jollier than Schubert's; 'Look over your shoulder', it said, 'I'll be walking behind'. The other song was even less like Schubert; it was called 'From your lips to the ears of God'.

But Miss Squires, our hostess, was not the only pebble on the beach. There were splendid ranks of chorines; a saucy *compère*, who also apologised for the rain and said he was sorry he could see so many 'drips' on the bandstand (yells of laughter); some ladies, more or less in time to Tchaikovsky, swam among plastic swans in the troubled pool, and men in funny hats rode bicycles full tilt into the water. And then we saw through the torrential downpour that an intrepid young man in drawers was climbing higher and higher up a scaffold with the intention, they said, of plunging into a sea of flame. The flame, like the sulky fire round a watery plum pudding, having been at last kindled, he dived, or as we say in Fleet Street—'plummeted'—and lo, a gust of wind taking him in one direction and the fire in another, he entered the water some

twenty feet (or so it looked) from the conflagration. This spectacular finale to an *al fresco* fiasco was too much; poor Miss Squires! Yet, as is the way of all flesh, like mourners returned from a funeral, as we gazed our last on the flapping tentwork, the troubled waters, and the soaked audience around the pool, we found it extraordinarily difficult not to laugh.

'Emperor Jones' is less a play than a monologue; to which we know television is admirably suited. Also it is a favourite monologue among Negro actors, who look very well on the screen with their gleaming eyes and relaxed deportment. Gordon Heath, whom we remember from a fine performance of 'Deep are the Roots', was a good choice.

At the other end of the spectrum, 'The White Sheep of the Family' went its bland way. Its 'naughtiness' is not very stimulating, but the cast, largely that of the original stage production, knew exactly how to get the best out of the glib fun.

'Anastasia' on Sunday night did much to redeem our idea of the dramatist who calls



Gordon Heath as 'The Emperor Jones'

herself Marcelle-Maurette (she of the Joan of Arc play 'The Servant'). This near-true tale of a fake survivor of the massacre of the Romanov family at Ekaterinburg had fascinating potentialities, which a Pirandello would have revelled in. If 'Anastasia' was not after all the Tsar's youngest daughter, who was she? It seemed at times as if the problem of identity was going to make real theatrical effect. But the handling was finally that of superior melodrama; and melodrama in which only the woman herself (Mary Kerridge) and possibly the Dowager Empress (Helen Haye) really counted. The rest were lay figures, excellently though they did their parts, their 'speaking' looks, and embarrassing exit lines. Miss Kerridge was perhaps a trifle actressy, but striking.

Earlier in the evening we took another alarmed look at 'Why?' It was going with an even greater, not to say grimmer, determination; six now, instead of four, and not everyone eligible for being a kiddie, but only by type-casting. I thought some of the banter in questionable taste, which augurs well for a continuing success. But is not the basic idea irremediably fatuous?

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Young and Old

YES; THAT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY Gladys Young. The voice spoke for Miss Moffat, Emlyn Williams' schoolmistress in 'The Corn is Green' (Home). Here she was, vocally both as vital and as unsentimental as the dramatist wished. Next evening, when a speaker pounced on the death-bed confession of Aunt Reed, whose end Charlotte Brontë so relishes in 'Jane Eyre', I looked up the crib to find whose voice was expressing this ultimate harshness; almost we could see the 'stony eye—opaque to tenderness, indissoluble to tears'. It was, of course, Miss Young: she continues to carry off these things, and it would be uncritical—or, a far better word, unappreciative—not to remark on it now and then. There are several other chameleons. Marjorie Westbury, who has just gone Cockney, dear, in the Williams play, is conspicuous: we find her whether we are Listening with Mother, or up in the study with Euripides. Peacock's Mr. Milestone, discussing the 'quality of unexpectedness' in a garden, asked what one would call it on walking round for a second time. But

many of these radio voices do contrive to be unexpected, however often we meet them. Miss Young surprised me in 'Jane Eyre' (Home), which is going very well, though an actor must have strong nerves to propose—as Reginald Tate's Rochester does—in 'Charlotte's forthright terms': 'You, poor and small and plain as you are, I entreat you to accept me as a husband'.

The persons of the serial are able to project themselves. There was, I felt, a certain failure to do this in 'The Corn is Green'. Technically, Miss Young was immaculate; and yet (for once) she did not seem to be wholly 'inside' a character. She was superb in the little passage of Morgan Evans' rebellion: suddenly we were in Glansarno. But were we there throughout? The play, in spite of Bessie's baby, is still happily idiosyncratic—a word once defined in a West Country school as 'nice and queer'—and John Darran got capably through Morgan Evans, especially in his sullen fits when he was indeed 'full of matter'.

Young to old: to the Trojan War and to the Arthurian reign. I was happier in Britain than in Troy. Clemence Dane, in 'The Hope of Britain' (Home) can take us miraculously to that shining myth-world of Arthur in which the great sword Caliburn sings in the Stone, summer is high in Avalon, and at the last there is battle by the mere. Much depended on other distinguished radio tones, those of Leon Quartermaine. He has a voice—in the words another poet gives to Merlin—like 'a maze and cellarage of honey'. I have known him surer than on Sunday night (Miss Dane has allowed Merlin one curiously arch passage); but the end crowned all. Val Gielgud, who produced with a genuine glow, was also producer of Giraudoux' 'No War In Troy' (Third), a recording from 1947 of a play worth revival, with a good deal of truth and bitter wit, and a gift of phrase: Greece, for example, is 'a lot of kings and goats scattered about on marble'. Still (in a whisper) we have had much of Troy in recent years: it might be wise to let the matter rest awhile.

We came forward to the seventeenth century in 'Au Clair de la Lune' (Home) which had, properly, a silver gentleness. The tale of Jean-Baptiste Lully, the young Italian who, before becoming composer to Louis XIV of France, served briefly as turnspit in the kitchens of His Majesty's first cousin, is rather like a glorified 'Children's Hour' play. But Antonia Ridge has grace and—again the word—gentleness; and the little piece (with Robert Rietty's Lully) came through charmingly under Mary Hope Allen. Let no one say that radio cannot summon the picture of a young man pouring melted butter over a spinning peacock in a mid-seventeenth-century kitchen.

On, at length, to the twentieth century. In 'Meet the Huggetts' (Light) we get a new radio family. Jack Warner and Kathleen Harrison are earnest in character-comedy. Even so, it is too soon yet to see why we are eavesdropping upon the Huggetts; this is the dimmer Mum-and-Dad stuff, though light may break in. It would have been cheerful to have heard the programme rewritten by the novelists who were at the centre of 'Henry James and H. G. Wells' (Third), a Michael Swan feature about the friendship that ended when Wells exploded into *Boon*: it was interesting less for the material than for the way in which George Coulouris (as Max Beerbohm's 'marmoreal darling of the Few') and Norman Shelley managed to bring up the two men. 'Lord Cammarleigh's Secret' (Home), a small Edwardian comedy of bluff, coronets, and more-or-less kind hearts, was all too tenuous; but Peter Coke held it together: here is another valuable radio voice.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

No Man's Land

NO UNPROFESSIONAL LISTENER, I imagine, selects for his improvement or entertainment the strange jumble of programmes to which I submit myself week by week. He knows what he likes or at least what he is likely to like and tunes in accordingly, and if it turns out that a programme does not come up to his expectations he promptly switches it off. His listening follows, in fact, so clear a pattern that a list of the programmes he had listened to over a period of, say, a month would provide an accurate snapshot of his personality.

The case of the critic of the Spoken Word is different. A list of my listening over a month would reveal nothing more than an acute case of schizophrenia, since I am just as likely to consult my aversions as my preferences in choosing what to listen to. How, otherwise, could I pretend to discriminate? For the critic's duty is to assign good marks and bad marks like the schoolmaster and, besides, to give reasons for his approval or disapproval. Nor, in the case of the huge and shapeless field of the Spoken Word, is that enough. He must allow also for the intention of each programme. To which of the many levels of intelligence that lie between the nitwit and the learned recluse is it addressed? If he is to cover his field adequately he must listen to much that is not addressed to him: some of it will be below his intellectual level, some of it—Heaven help him—over his head. In the latter case he may hide his shame by passing remarks on the broadcasting technique of the speaker; in the former he must do his best to become as one of these little ones while at the same time judging whether the broadcast is good of its kind. Evidently, then, a touch of schizophrenia is a useful disability.

My own intelligence, whatever its level, is sufficient to tell me that the title 'Woman's Hour', like the label 'Ladies Only' on the window of a railway carriage, is intended to warn me off, or at least to warn me that I shall not be amused. However, nothing daunted, I assumed last Thursday the mood of one who has finished the housework—and in actual fact I had just finished washing-up—and switched on. And in a trice I was in a Vickers Viscount invisibly accompanying two housewives to Copenhagen. None of the three of us could manage Danish, but our English, with the help of an expert guide, stood us in good stead at the fish-market, a cheese shop, and a department store. Then a hurried taxi-drive back to the airport and so home. And, I am bound to say, for us not too exacting housewives who relish a little entertainment while we have a nice sit-down and get on with the darning, it was quite an agreeable outing.

A minute later, no more, we were on a bathing beach near Cape Town, and who should pop out of one of the bathing-huts but Bernard Shaw in a striped stockinette bathing-suit, pink face and white hair, eyebrows, moustache, and beard all turned up at the ends. We followed him to the water and watched him dive, and in a moment his head reappeared, disastrously transformed to a purple face enclosed in a mass of soggy white wool. It was Dona Salmon who gave us these lifelike sketches of the great man when she described her meeting with him some twenty years ago. It was a vivid and amusing talk, for complete appreciation of which I had to peg up my cultural level several notches higher.

Next came useful advice to the well-dressed woman from Winifred Joel on how to clean jewellery. Well, one lives and learns. If ever I am the happy possessor of a bogus pearl necklace I shall know better than to wash it with soap. Next came some tips from Joan Bamford on how

to dry flowers, seed-heads, and branches for winter decoration, and, finally, a reading from *The Fortune of Christina M'Nab*, a title which roused memories of my early childhood when the book provided a theme for tea-table conversation for the grown-ups. I myself have never read the book and, hesitating to break a lifelong habit, I switched off after assuring myself that Olga Dickie was reading it very well.

All things considered—and the conscientious critic should consider all things—it was a well arranged programme, agreeably varied and requiring of the resting housewife nothing more strenuous than a bland receptivity. Even a little doze here or there, except during Mrs. Salmon's delightful talk, would have entailed no irreparable loss. What a contrast to G. E. M. Anscombe's brilliant and stimulating talk on Ludwig Wittgenstein, on the Third Programme, which kept my wits working at high pressure from first to last.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

The Acorn and the Oak

BETWEEN 'Die Entführung' and 'Die Meistersinger' there is a gap of eighty years. In that space, from this acorn had grown that oak. Mozart's first completed essay in German opera is something of a hybrid, containing pieces in several different styles, derived from Italian *opera seria*, *opera buffa*, and German *Singspiel*. This mixture of styles makes it one of the most difficult operas to stage, for the mixture is not calculated, as in 'Ariadne', but fortuitous. In addition the exceptional virtuosity demanded of the soprano and the bass make its casting a further problem.

At Glyndebourne, whence the opera was broadcast last week two days after the first performance (which I saw also), these problems have not been completely solved. In Sari Barabas they have found a beautiful Constanze and an actress who can bring that cardboard figure to life. Yet, as a singer, she was hardly brilliant enough. 'Märtern aller Arten' must surely be thrown off with a greater show of virtuosity, even though Carl Ebert, who stepped into the part of Selim, omitted the threats of torture which are the cue for Constanze's defiant outburst. The 'Turkish Pash', as *Radio Times* delightfully described him, was, indeed, singularly reticent and unimpassioned throughout. Apart from her grand set piece, Miss Barabas sang very well, especially at the second performance, for first-night nerves seemed to affect her during her first aria, where her tone was breathy.

At the other end of the scale the Osmin was singularly lacking in resonance in the lower part of his voice, and his attack on the repeated Fs and the trills on the note below in 'Solche herge-lauf'ne Laffen' was far from clear. As a piece of buffoonery his performance was amusing enough in the theatre, but as something to listen to it was sadly lacking in style.

On the other hand, there was the excellent Belmonte of Helmut Krebs, a little hard in voice, but musically in his use of it, and the delightful Blonda of Emmy Loose. Miss Loose has been taken to task for not playing this part as a typical English lady's maid. But Mozart and his librettist hardly provide the material for such a portrait—though Professor Dent has done something towards it in his English version of the libretto. What Mozart created was the prototype of a long line of Viennese *soubrettes*, and as such the part should surely be played by a German performance. Alfred Wallenstein secured beautiful and vivacious playing from the orchestra.

'The Master Singers' was given a thoroughly

sound performance at Covent Garden, and it came over in the broadcast very well. The orchestra had, to judge from some of the criticisms of the earlier performance, settled down since the first night, and though some of the magical passages went for less than one expects, the playing was generally extremely good. On the stage there were some first-rate individual performances, including a remarkable Beckmesser (Benno Kusche), who sang his music with beautiful tone, instead of the usual rasping shout, and yet contrived to convey the spite and malice of the man. Or, perhaps, one may say that Beckmesser's mean little soul is embodied in his music, and, if it is well sung,

the character is *ipso facto* revealed in all its baseness.

Equally good was Richard Holm's David, his voice, at once light and strong, surpassing in beauty that of the Walther. But the more often I hear the work the more I become convinced that in this part, even more than in Tristan, Wagner asks the impossible of his tenor. Hans Hopf is not to be condemned for not performing the impossible, but commended for giving as good an account of his music as one can reasonably expect.

And there was an excellent Sachs. Karl Kamann is an exceptionally accurate singer—even his 'marking' with the cobbler's hammer

was done according to the score—and he gave an individual reading of the character, full of happy touches. I have never heard the recitative given with such natural inflection, and, even if his tone lacks the highest degree of nobility, it was always firm and in tune. For Elizabeth Schwarzkopf's Eva I cannot wholly share the enthusiasm of some of my colleagues. It is sung well and with calculated charm, but the charm seems to me of the wrong type for this particular character. Of her father I will only permit myself to remark that his name should not be pronounced as rhyming with Bognor.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Church Music under Louis XIV

By MARTIN COOPER

Lalande's 'Dixit Dominus' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.5 p.m. on Tuesday, July 21, and 6.0 p.m. on the following day

THE music that is considered permissible or feasible in public worship depends on the position that religion occupies in public life. There could clearly be no orchestras in the catacombs; and when the contrast between secular standards and religious ideals is most glaring, church music either becomes anaemic, cut off from the main bloodstream of musical life, or else loses its churchly character and approximates to the secular music of the day. The vitality of the church in France during the second half of the seventeenth century had nothing to do with its wealth or its power, which were great. The disputes over Jansenism, Gallicanism, and mysticism, which have been immortalised in the persons and writings of Pascal, Racine, Bossuet, and Fénelon, do indeed provide evidence of vitality; but the evidence is negative, like the evidence of a strong constitution in a man who surmounts a serious illness. True, it was no longer the age of François de Sales, Vincent de Paul, or the Cardinal de Bérulle; but their teaching and influence were still very fresh and it would be a great mistake to judge the quality of French religious life simply by its most spectacular or even its official representations.

The influence of the court and the king was certainly strong and, since French music virtually means the music written for performance in Paris, often overwhelming. Magnificence was the fashion and, at least officially, the service of the heavenly was closely modelled on that of the earthly monarch and the New Jerusalem conceived after the style of the new Versailles. One of Lully's big psalms for double choir, in eight or ten parts, with the full orchestra of the opera and the airs, duets, and trios for solo singers, represents the music of what was a state occasion as well as a religious rite. The king disliked attending high mass—which is indeed a long ceremony—and since it was felt that a low mass without music was something beneath the royal dignity, the *messe basse solennelle* was devised as a compromise. This was an ordinary low mass without liturgical singing but adorned with motets, sung to often elaborate instrumental accompaniment. The motet thus became one of the musical forms most cultivated by French composers, while the composition of masses was comparatively neglected.

The motet is comparable to our own 'anthem', non-liturgical in character and more often an occasion for musical display than for the expression of religious devotion. As early as 1652 Dumont had published his 'Cantica sacra', dramatic recitative-motets with figured bass. Lully's 'Miserere' of 1664 represents the most magnificent of the variety, with trumpets and kettle-

drums incongruously added to express the soul's deepest penitence. Lully resented rivals in the choir only a little less than in the opera-house, yet even he could not hope to establish a monopoly in a field where he was only incidentally qualified to compete. Marc-Antoine Charpentier had received a predominantly ecclesiastical musical training under Carissimi in Rome; and when Lully contrived to spoil his career as a composer for the theatre, Charpentier devoted himself to the music for which he was best fitted by temperament as well as by training. Working for the Jesuit fathers, he composed not only the statutory psalms, Te Deums, Magnificats, tenebrae, hymns, and masses but a whole series of *histoires sacrées*, or oratorios, such as were performed in Jesuit colleges and houses of studies. The subjects were generally biblical—'Saul', 'David and Jonathan', 'St. Peter's Denial'—the texts Latin and the treatment dramatic, but more in the miniature style of Carissimi than in the broad operatic manner of Lully.

Belonging to an earlier generation than Charpentier, Dumont represented the older tradition of contrapuntal a *capella* church music, although before his death in 1684 he too had successfully tried his hand at the new style of motet. His successor as Superintendent of the Chapel Royal in 1683 was a certain Michel Richard de Lalande, the fifteenth child of a Parisian tailor. Lully perhaps scented an inconveniently marked talent when he rejected the boy's application for admission as a violinist in his orchestra; or possibly Lalande at fifteen was no very accomplished player. In any case, Lalande gave up the violin and devoted himself to the organ, with such success that he soon became organist at several Paris churches and also worked for the Jesuits, supplying them with occasional music for the secular dramatic works given on their great school occasions. He was ambitious and applied for a post at court which only his youth (and perhaps once again Lully's jealousy?) prevented him from obtaining. Even so he contrived to be appointed, first, music-teacher to younger members of the royal family, then master of the king's chamber music and eventually one of Dumont's four successors at the Chapel Royal (each taking a turn of three months' duties). During the next twenty years Lalande gradually replaced each of his associates and by 1704 was in sole command; he was thus, at forty-seven, supreme in his own field of music.

No composer in the second half of the seventeenth century confined himself to a single department of musical composition, and Lalande wrote ballet-music, cantatas and *musique pour*

les soupers du Roi in addition to his ecclesiastical pieces. In fact a passage from Seré de Rieux's *La Musique* suggests that Lalande's secular music was highly appreciated in his day.

'La Lande, triomphant d'un préjugé rebelle,
Attira dans la Cour une façon nouvelle.
Ses violons brillants, enchaînés dans ses Airs,
Font éclore à propos mille desseins légers'.

The 'mille desseins légers' are certainly to be found in the forty-two motets for chorus and orchestra written for the Chapel Royal at Versailles. Lalande was a spirited and accomplished contrapuntist, yet enough in sympathy with the fashion of his day to load his writing for the voice with the florid ornamentation so much admired by both musicians and audience or congregation. This exuberant style, for which we have largely lost the taste, did not prevent Lalande achieving in his music a breadth and dignity which has been compared with that of Handel, a composer equally fond of the florid manner.

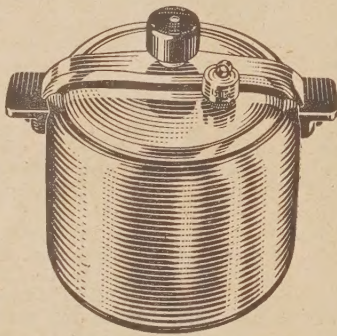
Roughly contemporary with Lalande, who was born in 1657 and died in 1726, was another composer whose church music, scarcely known in this country, has recently received the highest praise from a writer well qualified to judge. François Couperin, born in 1668 and dying in 1733, must have known Lalande well, for he, too, held court appointments and the musical world was in any case too small for composers of such standing not to be acquainted. If there is something of Bossuet's thunder in Lalande's most Handelian moments, Couperin has more of the silvery sweetness of Fénelon. The main works of both composers fall in the last two decades of Louis XIV's reign, when the splendid vigour and self-confidence of his early years had deserted the ageing king. Lully had been the musician of Louis' rise and of the zenith of his reign. Death, age, and misfortune had changed the temper of the court, and though the magnificence was undiminished, it now cloaked a more chastened, less confident frame of mind. Couperin's church music shows a greater 'inwardness', a note of humility lacking in all but a few works of the older generation. Bossuet had won in the struggle with Fénelon, but Fénelon's was the mind and the sensibility which influenced the new century.

Giles St. Aubyn has produced a volume on Macaulay for Falcon Educational Books—*Lord Macaulay*, price 7s. 6d. It is an elementary work written for young people, and nearly half of it is quotation. But quotation from Macaulay can seldom bore. Here it is done skilfully enough to make the result lively and entertaining, and the author's concluding estimate of Macaulay is a sensible one.

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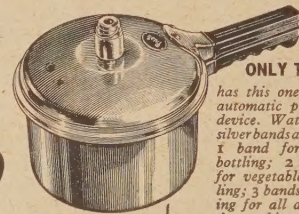
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For the Housewife

How to Make a Success of Pressure Cooking

By PHYLLIS GARBUTT

WHEN using a pressure cooker, first and rather obviously—but sometimes I fear neglected—the instructions should be read carefully and followed implicitly. They vary a little in detail with different makes, but in all cases, after putting the food and liquid in the cooker, the lid is placed in position and the pan heated until the steam flows steadily. The pressure control then requires adjustment, and the heating is continued for the required period of time.

Do not forget that a few minutes more or less can make all the difference between success and failure. And it is best to under-cook rather than over-cook, as this can be easily remedied: you can always use the pressure cooker as an ordinary pan by leaving the lid off. One of those little kitchen timers with a bell that you can set is ideal, but failing this keep a sharp eye on the clock.

After cooking, reduce the pressure as directed, either by quick or slow cooling, and before attempting to open up the cooker test by slightly lifting the weight or other control device. If there is still any escape of steam, continue cooling.

Generally speaking, ordinary recipes can be followed, but they may want slight adaptation, particularly in the amount of liquid. This sometimes needs cutting down by a half or more, because there will be no loss by evaporation. With stock and soups, for instance, reduce the liquid by a half to three-quarters, and allow only a quarter of the usual cooking time. Bone stock,

which ordinarily takes three to four hours, will be done in forty-five minutes. If any thickening is required, this should be added at the end of the cooking time, after opening up the pan.

Avoid filling the pan too full: a maximum of two-thirds for solids, half-full for liquids, should be the rule. And make allowance for the swelling of some foods, such as dried fruits or pulses.

Almost all forms of cooking that normally take a long time, such as stewing, braising, and pot roasting, can be performed very successfully, and oxtails, tongue, ham, or the toughest stewing steak or old boiling fowl will be reduced to melting tenderness in a third of the usual time. Root vegetables are especially good pressure cooked, and several varieties can be accommodated together, either in piles on the rack or in the baskets. Pressure cooking also suits dried fruits and cereals, such as porridge or rice, and suet puddings.

When cooking several foods try to choose things that require approximately the same time. Cutting or slicing them suitably is useful here—coarse cutting for the quickly cooked food and finer for tougher things. Do not be too generous with the seasoning, and if you aspire to a reputation for good cooking do not forget to pay just as much attention to attractive dishing and serving as you would when cooking ordinarily.

Finally, look after the cooker itself. After washing, examine and wash the vent, see that

the gasket is free from grease, and store with the lid off or upturned.—'Home for the Day'

Notes on Contributors

EDWARD P. MORGAN (page 83): commentator for Columbia Broadcasting System

COLIN WILLS (page 86): Australian journalist, broadcaster and former B.B.C. war correspondent; author of *White Traveller in Black Africa*, and *Who Killed Kenya?*

GEORGE F. KENNAN (page 93): formerly American Ambassador in Moscow; author of *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950*

JOHN LEHMANN (page 95): poet, critic, and novelist

AUSTEN ALBU (page 98): M.P. (Labour) for Edmonton since 1948; a former works manager; Deputy Director of the British Institute of Management, 1948

J. L. HODSON, O.B.E. (page 103): author, dramatist, and journalist; 1914-1918: Lewis gunner, Royal Fusiliers, and later Sub-Lieut. Royal Naval Division; author of *Grey Dawn—Red Night*, *Jonathan North*, etc.

JAMES KIRKP (page 107): poet; author of *The Submerged Village* and other Poems, etc.

A. J. P. TAYLOR (page 108): Fellow and Tutor in Modern History, Magdalen College, Oxford; author of *The Italian Problem in European Diplomacy, 1847-49*, *The Habsburg Monarchy*, *Rumours of Wars*, etc.

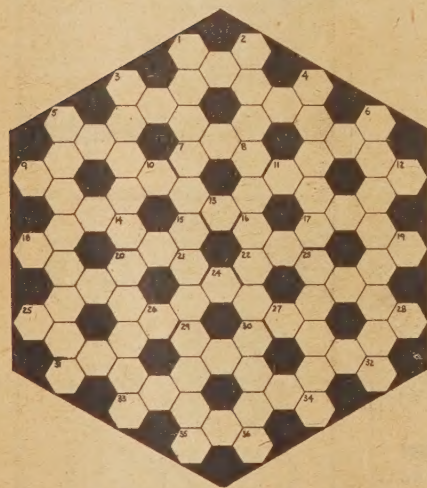
Crossword No. 1,211.

Honeycomb VIII.

By Tracer

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 23



The answers to the first seven clues (i.e. all the vertically downwards words) are to be entered unchanged. Each of the other twenty is to have its letters jumbled before entry, the order of the jumbled letters of each word being determined solely by crossings with those of other words. None of the jumbles makes a word. As will be seen, there are no unchecked letters, and each of the ninety white hexagons is associated with two answers, and two answers only. Each answer extends in a straight line from the first to the second of the diagram-numbers given at its clue.

CLUES

1-35 and 2-36. Depreciatory seasonal words from an apian proverb (8 words: 1, 5, 2, 4, 3, 5, 1, 3). 3-14. Suspicion (5). 20-33. Rule from a heather whisk (5). 4-17. Chief shoot of a plant, rank at the end (5). 23-34. Goes aloft with an astronomical cycle for a change (5). 5-31. I wander in the Scottish border exhibiting a dance for two (8). 6-32. You might think one would scarcely stir in this trial of speed (8). 9-21. Determined (6). 24-32. Drags about five and divides (6). 5-13. Divided ownership of a field, ending in a trick (6). 16-28. Rude, travels southward, girt with strings of feathers (6). 18-26. Pledged to give silver in security (5). 29-34. Circus-ropes (5). 3-8. Strip of anything valued (5). 11-19. A decoy pigeon is fastened to it (5). 25-36. Contradiction, showing it any log (8). 1-12. Produces an effect from cloth with a cause (8). 6-13. Neglected, and extremely base (6). 15-25. A wanderer, or many if you will (6). 12-22. Put by (6). 24-31. Fish about in

contents (6). 4-7. Headdress made of a kind of rope (5). 10-18. Thick flesh not dressed in the middle (5). 19-27. One who misses quantities of parchment (5). 30-33. Animals of a period beginning with a musical note and ending with a Latin one (5). 2-9. Here it is, in old Jerusalem next a river: it's a state of affairs, isn't it? (8). 28-35. In a concealed way; there's green in it (8).

Solution of No. 1,209

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
B	I	L	L	T	H	E	L	I	Z	A	R	D																							
A	L	E	E	R	U	D	A	S	A	R	E	A																							
T	I	N	T	E	D	D	R	A	N	C	I	D																							
T	A	T	A	R	D	I	D	S	T	A	N	D																							
L	S	O	R	B	U	S	E	S	E	N	S	Y																							
E	A	R	C	A	P	H	R	E	V	E	A	L																							
S	T	R	O	L	L	G	R	O	T	T	O																								
C	Y	M	R	I	C	C	R	E	T	A	N																								
A	R	A	E	D	U	R	E	L	I	N	G																								
R	A	L	L	Y	R	A	N	P	A	N	E	L																							
R	E	I	L	E	R	M	N	O	D	D	L	E																							
E	D	G	E	R	E	B	E	C	L	E	A	G																							
D	I	N	N	E	R	O	F	H	E	R	B	S																							

NOTES

Across: 1. Alice in Wonderland. 15. Area (d). 37. 'Titus' 1.12. 43. B. 'Ant. and Cleo.' 1.5. 25. 52. Old L.N.E. 53. 'King Richard II' 1.3. 278. 55. 'Ballad of the White Horse'—G. K. Chesterton. 56. 'Proverbs' 15. 17. Down: 29. Byron. 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' 37. U. Fennel=D.I.I.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Sir A. Cunlison (Eastbourne); 2nd prize: J. Thomas (Bangor); 3rd prize: R. W. Killick (London, S.W.14)

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